THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

OCT 6 - 1939

FILE

In This Number:

The French War Machine	*General Maxime Weygand*
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The World Over — The American Scene — Letters and the Arts
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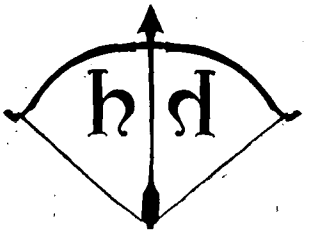

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

GENERAL MAXIME WEYGAND who describes 'The French War Machine' [p. 108] has a remarkable career to his credit. He was Chief of the General staff under Marshal Foch during the World War. In 1920, when Warsaw was threatened by a Soviet army, Weygand reconstituted the disorganized Polish army and launched a successful offensive. In 1922, he served as military expert on the French Delegation to the Lausanne Conference; later he was appointed High Commissioner to Syria, a region to which his latest appointment has recalled him—despite his recent retirement from active service. Fritz Kurz, who writes of 'The Nazis' Dangerous Child' [p. 114,] is the pseudonym of a man who is acquainted from personal knowledge with conditions in the German Army.

WE WONDER whether our readers realized, midway through 'American Neutrality,' by James Davenport Whelpley, that this article appeared in December, 1914, at a time when the position of the United States as a neutral was similar to that in which she finds herself now. [p. 119]

A NEW type of journalism has lately become popular when events are in a constant state of flux: journalism over the radio. In these years of crises, the radio commentator has almost supplanted in importance the newspaper correspondent. In the section entitled 'Vigil at the Microphone,' we present two broadcasts. One is John Gunther's serious and impartial discussion of the why's and wherefore's of the Russian-German Pact. [p. 122] The other, a broadcast from Warsaw by Patrick Maitland, the correspondent of the London *Times*, succeeds in getting across to us the sense of peril and tension that he has experienced in the besieged city. [p. 125]

'AS NAZI Tourists See Us' conveys the impressions of a tour manager for an internationally known travel agency, describing the reactions of German visitors to the United States. Thrust into an entirely different environment, they are bewildered by the abundance of riches, and what seems to them the unbridled freedom of the Americans. This article shows to what extent even educated Germans are isolated from the world around them. [p. 127]

THAT Aryan blood is of superior quality is one of the more recent myths of German eugenics. Throwing all scientific deductions into the ashcan, the Germans, under Hitler, have invented a theory to fit into their scheme of 'Blood and Soil.' In the little group, 'Law of the Select,' we present three views on allied subjects. An exiled German physician comments on some of the tragic outgrowths to which the German Sterilization Laws have led. [p. 132] A German scientist discusses these same laws from a Nazi point of view. [p. 135] Y. Y.—every one in England knows that this is the pseudonym for Robert Lynd—is saddened, in his usual humorous manner, by the fact that human beings show less care in 'breeding' than horses do. [p. 137]

OUR story this month is by Jean Malaquais, a rising young author whose book *Les Javanais* was described by several French reviewers as one of the most outstanding books of the year. This half whimsical, half fantastic sketch bears witness to the fresh young talent of this writer, who promises eventually to emerge as an outstanding French humorist. [p. 140]

THE article entitled 'Upper Crust in the Commons' has been taken from a sensa-

(*Continued on page 200*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

October, 1939 *Volume 357, Number 4477*

The World Over

THE DEBATE IN CONGRESS over revision of the Neutrality Act is certain to have totally irrelevant repercussions on national politics. The controversy revolves about a simple issue, to wit, whether we should sell belligerents all vital war materials on a cash-and-carry basis and in their own bottoms, or whether the Government should continue its present embargo on a limited list of arms and armaments in the manufacture of which we enjoy no monopoly or exclusive skill. In either case, Germany will be at a disadvantage, since the British and French navies will torpedo any carrier so foolhardy as to attempt to reach American shores. But the Reich obviously will be at an even greater disadvantage if we dispense with the present embargoes, and sell Britain, France and Canada anything they want, cash-on-the-line and come-and-get-it-yourselves.

Neutrality forms an ideal issue for the professional distortionist. On the surface, it looks involved to the citizen, and news-editors know full well that their readers will not strive to digest the abracadabra of legislative language. The vast body of American newspaper readers will only note the headlines, and follow this line of reasoning: Mr. Roosevelt wants repeal of the present Neutrality Act; hence Mr. Roosevelt is actively in favor of a policy giving wartime aid to Britain and France. This absurd over-simplification will give initial shape to the 1940 cam-

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paign and, even at this distance, it appears very probable that the White House race will be conducted over the issue of a non-existent neutrality. The United States may be neutral in international law, but to a great majority it is not neutral in spirit or in self-interest. As a nation we want the destruction of Hitlerism, and our industrial leaders crave the trade of the Latin-American markets of the belligerents, which is many miles removed from saying that the American people have again reached that point of insanity where they want to send our youth to Europe.

There is a relieving irony in the situation as it will affect the campaign next year. Those segments of the population that are symbolized by the National Association of Manufacturers, for example (to which the Du Pont interests are the largest contributors), must, to be consistent, retain their highly articulate hostility to Mr. Roosevelt. But business can only benefit by the very brand of 'unneutrality' that the President advocates. Hence its 'public relations engineers' will soon be confronted with a knotty assignment: how to devise *pronunciamentos* endorsing Mr. Roosevelt's sentiments toward Britain and France, while condemning his continued residence in the White House or its occupancy by another Democrat.

THE FIRST FORTNIGHT of the war, despite the comparative inactivity on the Western front and the brevity of the official communiqués, lent credibility to reports that Hitler planned to cut up Poland and then propose a peace. It may well be that his armies have fulfilled their tasks in Poland in less time than he expected. He has been sending Reichswehr battalions to the Limes Line, and he is now preparing, in view of the Polish collapse, to reinforce it with entire divisions.

The French advances between the Rhine and Moselle have been audacious, but it is shortsighted to view them as anything more than 'token' thrusts to keep French and British public opinion quiescent. Even General Maxime Weygand, former French Chief of Staff, stresses that the Maginot Line is not a jumping-off place for an aggressive thrust. Military writers are not omniscient, but they appear to have grounds for recent assertions that, at this time, the Western front situation will prove a stalemate: heavy guns on both sides may tear up roads and other communications behind the lines, but a break-through now appears impossible. The approaching winter makes a major push a waste of infantry, and it is still the individual soldier and bayonet that wins wars.

If a wide breach in the Limes Line is out of the question now—and for practical purposes it would need be one wide enough to admit the passage of enormous masses of men and matériel—what other avenues of effective attack are open? There appears one only, and that is the unrestricted use of bombers with all the nightmare slaughter it entails.

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There are signs in Britain and France that public opinion is restive over the inactivity of Anglo-French bombers, and it appears clear enough that both sides have been respecting a sort of tacit truce in the air. But it is probable that once French and British newspapers publish Western front casualties in any number, the civilian population will demand that the German armament and munition plants in the Rhineland and elsewhere be attacked from the air.

Of course, it is known that the Limes Line is not as invulnerable as its French equivalent; it is not fully constructed nor equipped. Nevertheless, the cost in manpower of breaking it may deter the Anglo-French command from attempting it so early in the conflict—before the manifestation of any signs of revolt or defeatism among the German masses at home, or of a revolt of the generals against Hitler. But all calculations have been upset by the advance of Red Army divisions into Eastern Poland, and although Moscow asks the world to believe that the Soviet Union is still 'neutral' (whatever that word has come to mean), her military moves may work an overnight change on the Western Front, nearly 1,000 miles away.

THUS FAR, THREE BALKAN COUNTRIES—Rumania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria—have declared their neutrality. Rumania, whose position is most vulnerable, is desperately trying to maintain friendly relations with all neighbors. There the Reich is counting on a government composed of pro-German elements—those which nearly secured power two years ago. She has everything to gain by the formation of a sympathetic Government in Bucharest—particularly oil; the nightmare of the sabotaged oil-wells in the last war is a disturbing one for the Nazis. King Carol is also fearful of Soviet Russia's intentions and he has mobilized new reserves, raising the army's total strength far beyond a million men.

One happy effect of the pre-War crisis was the achievement of Yugoslav unity, by which Croatia has gained complete autonomy. The reconciliation of Serbs and Croats at this moment is a reflection of their distrust of the Axis, for Germany's chances of winning over Yugoslavia depended entirely upon her exploiting the dissension between the various groups, just as she exploited the feud between Slovaks and Czechs.

Bulgaria is the orphan in the Balkan picture, without allies to whom to turn. By coming to terms of 'perpetual friendship' with Yugoslavia, Bulgaria has renounced her revisionist claims toward that country, but she would not hesitate to assume the rôle which Hungary played in regard to Czecho-Slovakia, should the chance come.

Greece has signified her desire to remain neutral, as has Hungary, still a member of the anti-Comintern Pact. To Turkey, long-time ally of Russia, the German-Soviet Pact came as a severe shock. Despite the

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greatest pressure from Germany, President Inonu unhesitatingly stated that he would stand by her agreements with Britain and France, safeguarding the Dardanelles.

BETWEEN THE MUNICH PEACE and the Moscow Pact there was waged twelve full months of the shattering 'War of Nerves'. Major crises followed minor ones and there was seldom a day throughout the eventful year that did not have its evil portents. Bearing the brunt of the events was Neville Chamberlain, Prime Minister of Great Britain, who, although his appeasement efforts were futile and he failed to bring his promised 'peace in our time' to the world, emerged politically unscathed.

Briefly, the crisis-to-crisis chronology was as follows:

SEPTEMBER, 1938: When everything seemed set for war over the German-Czechoslovak dispute, Britain's appeasement policy was revealed by the London *Times*, which for decades has spoken for the government in times of crisis when Prime Ministers prefer not to speak for themselves. Blandly, the *Times* suggested that the Sudeten territory be permitted to secede and merge with Germany. As the situation got worse, Chamberlain offered to visit Hitler at Berchtesgaden and his proposal was accepted. At Berchtesgaden Adolf Hitler presented an ultimatum which Chamberlain took back to present to his Cabinet. With Daladier, Chamberlain helped redraw the map of Czecho-Slovakia and both London and Paris warned the Czechs that they must accept the carve-up of their country. At Godesberg, Chamberlain's second meeting with Hitler, the Führer raised his terms. Chamberlain refused to talk with him further and hurried back to London where he declared that if Britain must fight, she was ready. As the zero hour approached, Chamberlain appealed to Premier Benito Mussolini of Italy to intercede, and a Four-Power Conference resulted. Meeting at Munich, the democracies—Britain and France—handed the Sudetenland over to Germany. In exchange for this they got a scrap of paper from Hitler promising that he would demand no more territory in Europe.

OCTOBER: There was great consternation in Great Britain over the Munich Peace Treaty and the Prime Minister was denounced from all sides; but only Alfred Duff Cooper, First Lord of the Admiralty, resigned.

NOVEMBER: While Hitler was staging the greatest pogrom of Jews in modern times, and over-running Czecho-Slovakia, Prime Minister Chamberlain went to Paris where the French Cabinet was opposed to following Premier Daladier's path to further appeasement.

DECEMBER: Chamberlain stiffened his attitude toward the Nazis and at a banquet for foreign newspaper-correspondents in London, he warned the dictators that appeasement could go just so far and no farther.

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JANUARY, 1939: The New Year saw Chamberlain setting off for Rome on his second and abortive 'appeasement' effort. En route he talked to Daladier who asked him to introduce conscription in Britain. On his return, the Prime Minister encountered further revolt in the Cabinet and as a result he ousted Sir Thomas Inskip from the Defense Coördination Ministry, and installed Lord Chatfield in that post. This satisfied critics temporarily.

FEBRUARY: Apparently returning to 'appeasement,' the Prime Minister appointed Sir Horace Wilson as permanent Secretary of the Treasury. Taking the sting out of this, however, Lord Halifax in a speech a week later claimed to be converted to a policy of active friendship with Soviet Russia.

MARCH: Hitler seized Prague, delivering the greatest jolt Chamberlain had received in his career. Hitler's move, however, once and for all doomed appeasement; Chamberlain announced at Birmingham: 'Every one of these incursions raises up fresh dangers for Germany in the future, and I venture to prophesy that she will bitterly regret what her Government has done.'

APRIL: Reports in London that Hitler was planning to march into the Polish Corridor prompted Chamberlain to give Warsaw a hurried pledge that Britain would help Poland against aggression. Soviet Russia was formally asked to join with Britain in a mutual assistance pact and negotiations were begun. Meanwhile, Hitler took Memel, Mussolini grabbed Albania and Britain introduced a conscription plan, which was promptly approved, upsetting a three-century tradition.

MAY: While Foreign Secretary Halifax made it clear to Germany that Britain would fight for Poland, Chamberlain made a new mutual defense pact with Turkey. Negotiations with Russia continued but unsatisfactorily, as Russia wanted Britain to guarantee Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, who refused to be guaranteed by anyone.

JUNE: Lord Halifax declared: 'In the event of further aggression we are resolved to use at once the whole of our strength in fulfillment of our promise to resist it.' The British-Soviet negotiations at Moscow dragged along without progress.

JULY: The press inadvertently revealed a plan of Sir Robert Hudson, Secretary of Overseas Trade, to appease Hitler: If Hitler would withdraw from Prague and cease his rearmament race, Britain would finance Germany, while the Reich and Italy would be given a share in the development of colonial Africa.

AUGUST: Chamberlain returned to London after a fortnight of fishing, and was confronted with a bombshell in the form of the German-Soviet non-aggression treaty. Despite the fact that William Strang, special envoy to Moscow, had repeatedly warned the Prime Minister that the

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Nazis had been flirting with Moscow, Chamberlain was declared to be taken completely by surprise. Fearing that the Nazi-Communist pact was a 'go ahead' signal to Hitler, Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador to Berlin, was sent instructions to tell Hitler at every opportunity that Britain would fight if Poland is attacked. To make this doubly clear, both Chamberlain and Lord Halifax repeated it in speeches. Hitler and Chamberlain exchanged notes, and came to an impasse.

SEPTEMBER: Germany launched an undeclared war against Poland at dawn on September 1. On September 3, Chamberlain declared that a state of war existed between Britain and the Reich. Six hours later France also declared war. Guns began to replace words in the battle between the democracies and Hitler. Italy remained aloof. On September 16, Soviet Union divisions advanced into Poland.

THE FRIENDS OF TODAY often prove the enemies of tomorrow, is an old Japanese proverb. That it was never more true was made only too clear by the Nazi-Communist pact which jolted Japan more than any earthquake. Nowhere in Europe did the political scene change so strangely as in the streets and dependencies of Tokyo. Britain and France were stunned by the news that they had lost a potential ally against Nazi Germany; but Japan, Germany's ally, was completely taken aback, for she had not received the slightest hint of what was to happen. When Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop, who drew up the anti-Comintern Pact which pledged Germany, Italy and Japan to wage war on Communism, flew to Moscow, the Japanese Ambassador was not among those to greet him, for the reason that Shigenori Togo was unaware of the momentous visit, and in Berlin Japanese Ambassador General Rikutaro Oshima, formerly an ardent protaganist for the Axis, hurried around to lodge an immediate protest against Japan's betrayal in the Far East.

Faced by the full power of the Soviet in the Far East to whom Hitler had apparently given a green light in China, Tokyo's disillusioned statesmen quickly reorganized the domestic front and Japan launched on a revised foreign policy which was announced to be a variation of 'splendid isolation.'

Under the moderate General Nobuyuki Abe, a former commander of the Formosan Army, a new Cabinet of ten members instead of fifteen was formed, with Abe keeping the post of Foreign Minister. Former aide-de-camp to Emperor Hirohito and commander of the Japanese forces in Central China, General Shunroku Hata was named Minister of War while Vice-Admiral Zengo Yoshida, commander of the Second Squadron who directed the Chinese coastal blockade, was made Minister of the Navy.

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By mid-September Japan had had time to take stock of the situation. While neutral, Tokyo gave every indication of swinging back into line with the democracies with whom she had fought as an ally in 1914.

But anger against Berlin for what was generally regarded by the world as an unsurpassed example of duplicity in international relations, soon turned to a feeling of gratitude. The reason was that, in view of the fact that much of the world appeared to be against Germany, Japan was well out of the Axis, and was in an enviable position to bring a quick end to the hostilities in China while Europe was preoccupied with extinguishing the flames in Europe. First major diplomatic *coup* was the signing of an armistice with Moscow over the Mongolian border dispute.

A FATAL BLOW TO CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S RÉGIME in China seemed apparent as Britain, France and the Soviets, who had been supporting the Generalissimo in the two-year-long undeclared Sino-Japanese War, immediately became engrossed with the war in the West. Some quarters in Tokyo predicted that Chinese support of the Japanese-favored régime of Wang Ching-wei would become nation-wide, and that the Chungking government would quickly disintegrate. Wang himself, who had been advocating a peace with Japan for nearly a year, broadcast at Shanghai a new appeal to the Chinese people calling upon them to lay down their arms and 'create at least one corner of sanity in a war-mad world.' Wang, who was ejected by Chiang last December when the Generalissimo refused to consider peace terms in a war that had driven him thousands of miles inland, pointed out to the Chinese that the Japanese were not warring on them but on Chiang alone, who, he said, had betrayed the nation for purely selfish interests.

Japan, sensing the nervousness of the various nationals of Europe, addressed an *aide-memoir* to the envoys of Britain, Germany, France and Poland in Tokyo suggesting that if they wished to withdraw their troops from China, Japan would be willing to protect their nationals and interests. The tension between Britain and Japan at Tientsin, in the meantime, was eased, and there were some indications that Japan would come to amicable terms with London.

The Chinese port cities and rivers which heretofore had bristled with the gunboats and heavy cruisers of the European Powers almost overnight were deserted as the ships quietly slipped out into the China Seas and headed to points where they would be needed in time of crisis. A single French sloop and a tiny Italian gunboat were the only foreign war vessels left in the Wangpoo River, which is normally choked with warcraft, as all the large British, Italian and French ships raised anchor, including an aircraft carrier, several heavy cruisers and a submarine flotilla.

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An eminent French strategist discusses his country's defense plans: party politics in the German army.

The French War Machine

I. The French War Machine

By General Maxime Weygand

From *International Affairs*, London Quarterly
Published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs

[*The author, General Weygand, often counted among the world's most brilliant strategists, has been recalled from retirement by the French Government to head the Anglo-French forces in the Near East, should the war spread to that area. In this article, written before the war's outbreak, the 'Savior of Warsaw' in 1920 makes the assertion that his nation's military strength is geared primarily for a defensive war. From this it may fairly be inferred that the Maginot Line is intrinsically also a defensive weapon, and not at present suitable as a jumping-off place for an extensive thrust into Germany. That point may interest readers who have been puzzled at the seeming inactivity on the Western front during the first fortnight of hostilities.*—The Editors.]

THE defense of France is so vast a subject that in a short paper I can deal only with selected aspects of it. I shall not touch on the Navy; I shall deal principally with the Army, and will say something about the air force, but only on those points which I consider the most interesting for my purpose.

Our army is constituted on the following basis: it is our aim, and that aim is governed by absolute necessity for the defense of our country, to be able in time of war to utilize the whole of the resources of the nation. For this purpose we have made provision for an army at war strength—what we call the mobilized army. To bring this into being two things are required: a cadre, or permanent establishment, and time. The 'standing army,' or peace-time force, alone can assure these two things. It provides at one and the same time the cadre within which the mobilized army can be formed and the time necessary for its formation by insuring the inviolability of our territory. Expressed in military terms, the standing army fulfills the

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double function of serving as a 'covering force'—*i.e.*, as a first line of defense of the territory—and of making it possible to effect mobilization—*i.e.*, to bring the army up to war strength. It is clear that the greater the threat of a potential enemy, the greater must be the strength and preparedness of the standing army and the more rapid must be the process of mobilization. I stress this point, because it is fundamental to my subject.

Let me underline the gravity of the situation in which we have been placed not only by Germany's rearmament, but by the new diplomatic and political technique. In 1914 prolonged political tension gave us time to prepare. War was declared. The laws of war had, generally speaking, been respected. Consequently mobilization in Germany roughly synchronized with our own, so that we found ourselves face to face at full strength, at the same time. I would say, while craving indulgence for applying such a term to an event of this kind, that, compared with the methods of today, it was almost the Golden Age. Nowadays we have to take into account a contempt for treaties, a disregard of the plighted word, a policy of the *fait accompli*, and suddenness of execution. All this is made possible by the supreme powers of a dictator, by the permanent existence of an armed force strong enough in man-power and war material to begin operations immediately; by the threat of rapid invasion by armored divisions, and the continual danger of aerial bombardment by a large air force unscrupulously used. Add to this completely changed situation the declaration of neutrality by Belgium, which has greatly extended the length of frontier threatened. The danger which we have to face has not been doubled, but multiplied a hundredfold, for if we lose the first battle, if we cannot confront the Germans with an invincible resistance from the beginning, our position will be far more seriously compromised than it was in 1914 under similar circumstances.

II

I will review rapidly the different factors in the land defenses of France in the light of the general considerations I have just mentioned.

1. Let me begin with fortifications. Our fortifications on the Western Front were begun in 1929. The part we call the 'old fortified front'—the line of the Alps, the Franco-German frontier up to, and including, Luxemburg—was built between 1929 and 1934. In strengthening this 'old fortified front' we increased the depth in front by building advance posts, and behind by second lines of resistance. We made conditions more comfortable for the men who had to be there at all seasons by installing electric plants for heating and air-conditioning in the forts. The living conditions of the garrison have now become passable. Thanks to the intensive production of tanks in Germany, we had to provide very thorough anti-tank protection, to make doubly sure that the invading force should not be able just to walk in.

This process of strengthening existing fortifications was, however, not enough, since Germany alternately threatened the violation of Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Poland. Belgium's declaration of neutrality, by putting a stop to Franco-Belgian

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collaboration for the combined defense of the frontier, caused us to extend our fortifications up to the floodable districts in Flanders, which the British Army knows so well from the brave stand it made there during the last War. The same applied to Switzerland; we had to fortify the line of the Jura. Finally, as the Italian claims on Tunisia, which we have no intention of handing over, became increasingly persistent, we strengthened the defenses of Bizerta as a base for our fleet, and we built on the southern frontier a 'Maginot' line to hold up an offensive from Tripoli.

One result of the building of all these fortifications has been the formation of special fortress troops. Had we not done this, we should have had to confine active divisions in ferro-concrete and would have been deprived of our best troops for open warfare.

2. I now come to the important question of effectives. As I said before, mobilization is the process by which peace-time effectives are transformed into war-time effectives, which means that some 600,000 to 800,000 men may be increased to several million, according to requirements. It is obvious that the smaller the margin between peace- and war-time effectives, the quicker the mobilization, so that mobilized units can be brought into action with the least possible delay. Therefore, by reducing the margin between peace and war effectives, you gain both in time and in quality, since the troops mobilized will contain a larger proportion of men from the standing army.

Here I should like to draw attention to a recent law which maintains the period of service with the colors at two years, in order to point out that this does not aim at keeping the numbers at the old level, but permits us, on the contrary, to dispose of a very important additional margin of effectives. The two years' period of service was originally introduced in 1935 on account of the decreased yield in the annual contingent due to the fall of the birth-rate during the War years. During the World War, families were separated or broken up, and the birth-rate reached a low level. Moreover, owing to insufficient feeding as children, many when called up were considered unsuitable for military service. Consequently at one moment what we call the 'annual class' amounted to only half the contingent of a normal year and, to compensate for this, we needed two annual classes with the colors—in other words, a two years' period of service to produce the same number of effectives as we had previously obtained with one year's service. Families were reunited toward the end of 1918, and from 1939 onward—and this will apply even more next year—the annual contingent becomes normal again. Thus the two years' period of service now gives us a very large increase in the number of effectives, and the law which maintains it is really designed to procure considerable reinforcement.

III

3. On the question of war material, I will just describe the main line of our organization. Our plan of production in peace time was concerned with: (1) the adoption of different types of material, and (2) the fixing of the number of each type to be manufactured either for supply to the units,

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or for replacement purposes. Starting from this basis, the plan is executed with the collaboration of a number of different organizations: (a) the *Comité Permanent de Défense Nationale* which coördinates the establishment and carrying out of the armaments program of the three defense Ministries; (b) the General Secretariat of the *Ministère de le Défense Nationale*, which assists the Minister in the matter of credits; (c) lastly, the *Comité de Production*, consisting of the works-directors of all three Ministries, whose function is to elaborate methods for intensive production.

Once these questions of planning and of credits have been settled, orders are allocated. Since nationalization, we have four categories of factories manufacturing war materials: (a) the national arsenals, namely the old established munitions workshops and the naval and air-force arsenals, which are supplied from special credits in the budget, with staffs classed as civil servants, and of which the plant is State property; (b) nationalized establishments in which the State possesses a certain financial interest, in virtue of which it exercises complete control, while retaining the same methods of operation as those used by private firms; (c) private firms which specialize in the manufacture of war materials under State control, a control which is extended to their relationship with other industries, and their connections abroad; (d) private firms which have signed a State contract for the supply of certain types of war material, and are only subjected to a factory control of the processes of manufacture and to an inspection of the finished product on delivery.

The law voted in 1938 on the 'organization of the nation in time of war' lays down the broad outlines of what we call the 'mobilization of industry.' So far as war contracts are concerned the law defines the rights of the Ministries, and the obligations of industrialists. Here I must emphasize that, in spite of these preparations for the stimulation of home industry, France will never be independent of imports from abroad. For this reason the freedom of the seas is more necessary to us than ever. Even without the thousand other excellent reasons for wishing to foster good relations with Great Britain, the possession of this freedom which the British Navy alone can insure would render her help indispensable.

IV

4. As to cadres, and their training, the cadres in the standing army have been greatly increased. The value of these cadres, recruited from all classes of the nation, lies in the fact that they have proved that they possess certain personal qualities for holding authority, and have been chosen for that reason. Their ability to command, however, depends largely on their degree of training. To meet the requirements, 'refresher courses' have been in existence for the last fifteen years and have proved satisfactory. Attendance was not compulsory, with the result that out of 125,000 officers, only 45,000 went to them regularly, and these were often older men. The younger ones attended less, probably because their positions in civil life were more junior than those of the older men and they had less free time. This difficulty had to be remedied. A recent law actually introduced on the advice of the National Union of Re-

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serve Officers, who were alive to the necessity for it, has made attendance at these schools compulsory, and the penalty for non-attendance consists of an extra training period of varying length, either in camp or with a regiment.

5. All these developments involve heavy expenditure and can be realized only with a considerable financial effort. The general budget of the Ministry of War alone has increased from 5,467,000,000 francs in 1933 to 9,242,000,000 francs in 1939 [the special war-credits voted Premier Daladier are not included]. Added to this, the manufacture of war material has necessitated the establishment of a special credit account, which has increased from 755,000,000 francs in 1933 to 9,320,000,000 francs in 1939. This will give some idea of the sacrifices which have been imposed on us.

6. My picture of the French Army would be incomplete if I did not say something of the spirit which animates it. Of what value are material considerations without a sound morale? The spirit of the serving soldier is excellent, no matter what may be his social background or political creed. In saying this I am naturally referring not only to the volunteers, but also to the average young man called up for compulsory service.

The higher commands in the French army are held by generals who were captains or majors during the Great War. They were then in command of units of some importance; they themselves led their men into action, and thus acquired an unparalleled experience. Moreover, since the War a great deal of work has been accomplished in the army on strategy, organization and on armament. Experience gained in this work has brought to the front really remarkable leaders, men who, in my opinion, are superior to any we have had before.

The morale of the mobilized army is that of the nation as a whole. The partial mobilization of September last year gave us a chance to confirm that this morale was excellent. I do not mean to imply that our men went lightheartedly to a new war; they went uncomplainingly, courageously, feeling that if it were necessary for them to go, go they would. They returned from that crisis, untried; they will soon be put to the test.

Finally, the justice of our cause has become clear to all; this is a most important factor with our people, actuated as it is by an innate sense of justice, well-read, intelligent, and capable of making up its own mind. The Germans have rendered us an inestimable service so far as this is concerned by all the acts contrary to the law of nature which they have committed.

V

It is clear that Germany's air force can do us considerable damage, but it will not conquer us. I remember a passage in Ludendorff's *Memoirs* dealing with the year 1918: he is astonished that in spite of the aerial bombardment of London and Paris, day after day, and night after night, France and England would not own themselves beaten. The same thing will happen again. But in order to make sure that the enemy does not achieve his ends, we must be in a position to defend ourselves, and also to attack.

By defense, however, I do not mean

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those measures of 'passive defense' which are known and taken by every country, such as providing shelters, gas-masks, trenches, black-outs, anti-aircraft batteries, etc. What is most important is so to arrange matters that a large bombing force cannot accomplish its mission without risking serious losses and leaving a large number of planes behind. From the moment that a country possesses a fleet of fighter planes sufficiently powerful to insure that no large-scale enemy air attack could be launched without running the risk of losing 200 to 300 planes in a single raid, these expeditions will become more rare. There is something in these bombardments of defenseless people behind the front that smacks of a cowardice which is repugnant to the soldier. One suspects that people who order such actions cannot be very brave, and that their losses will soon prove a deterrent.

Everyone knows something of the internal crisis that we have been through. The newspapers have discussed it fully, for they neglect no opportunity of pointing out our weak points, always exaggerating them. We have recently done a great deal to improve our air force. I will give you a few figures. In 1937, the value of machinery in factories was calculated at the insignificant sum of 60,000,000 francs. The reason for this was that the manufacture of airplanes was considered as being the work of craftsmen and small-scale industry. In 1938, France spent nearly 1,000,000,000 francs on machinery, which is already installed and beginning to produce results. The productive capacity of industry has also risen considerably. It is true to say that as much can now be produced in one week as was produced in a month in 1938, and this figure will soon be doubled. Manufacture is progressing satisfactorily. I believe that in a short time it will reach the point where no enemy bombing force can fly over our territory without risking severe losses.

Our air equipment has suffered from the inferiority of our engines. But our engineers and builders, thanks to their particular talent for delicate workmanship (what we call '*la finesse*'), have always excelled in the construction of wing units which enables them to obtain adequate speeds with an inferior type of engine. We needed, however, good engines with a capacity of more than 1,000 horse power. Happily we have found a good way of obviating this difficulty; we have purchased from the British and from the United States the rights to obtain these engines. [*Their export was forbidden by President Roosevelt's Neutrality Proclamation of last September 5.*—THE EDITORS.] Our engineers, too, have made some interesting discoveries, so that with our new 1,200-horsepower engines we have been able to catch up our arrears. The armament of our planes leaves nothing to be desired.

To sum up, I believe that we shall soon be in a position to retaliate very effectively against air attacks.

Having reviewed the principal elements which constitute our military strength, let us consider for a moment its use. Primarily it is for defensive purposes. Why? Because our policy is a peaceful one, and demands a strategy which is first and foremost defensive. Since we have no intention of being the aggressors, the initiative does not lie with us. This advantage will be in the hands of the enemy, forc-

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ing us, I repeat, at the outset to take the defensive. This is inevitable, since the inviolability of our territory is an essential factor for the successful carrying on of the war. We shall be able to summon forces which will be to all intents and purposes equivalent to those we had at our command during the last war.

British assistance in 1914 was immensely valuable to us, since it enabled us to win the battle of the Marne and to carry on the battle of Ypres. Their expeditionary force at that time amounted to six divisions. In 19—? owing to our vastly increased liabilities, we shall need twelve divisions. I quote these estimates of the divisions needed quite freely. And at that hour of the evening when old soldiers talk over these things as they pass the port or the brandy round the table, we always say that it is extremely desirable that the British expeditionary force should be as strong as possible.

In conclusion let me say that our best hope lies in common Franco-British effort, but on two conditions: that no rift mars our friendship, and no weakness attends our actions. Our will, our union and our strength constitute the only sound policy for the avoidance of war or, should this fail, for victory.

II. The Nazis' Dangerous Child

By Fritz Kurz

From *Contemporary Review*, London Topical Monthly

WHEN in Germany military service became compulsory again, people embraced each other in the streets. This outburst of joy was caused not only by the pride at the breaking of what were called 'the chains of the Versailles Treaty,' but also by the sincere desire of the people to have an army. The German loves a uniform and the uniform he likes the best is a military one.

The new German Army built up under the Nazi régime should be a Nazi Army. But is it a Nazi Army? Let us begin with the officer corps. It is an easy job to create out of nothing *Standartenführer*, *Obergruppenführer* and all the other leaders of the Party organizations; but this cannot be done with a corps of officers. It became inevitable, therefore, to fall back upon the old officers when building up the new Army. But these officers are far from being 100 per cent National Socialists. Furthermore, as the selection and training of the new generation of officers lay in the hands of old army men it is not difficult to realize that the officer corps cannot possibly be so thoroughly National Socialist as the Government would like to see it. So everything has to be done to keep the Army in good mood and in fact there is no other class in Germany which is treated in the same careful manner and is enjoying similar consideration.

The officer corps takes this preferential treatment with affable condescension. In their relations among themselves little is to be seen of the much-advertised 'leveling of National Socialist ideas.' The different Services look down upon each other much in the same way as they did in the good

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old days of Imperial Germany. The air force despises the Army, and in the Army, the cavalry despises the artillery, the artillery the infantry, the mechanized troops the non-mechanized ones, and so on.

In these circumstances there is nothing astonishing in the fact that young convinced National Socialists, called to the colors, full of enthusiasm and with the aim of becoming an officer, do not find things quite as they expected and often withdraw. I knew of one young man who was from the Nazi point of view an excellent German—healthy, athletic, bright, reasonably intelligent and inspired with high ideals. He became an ensign in the Army (last degree before the lieutenant); then the spirit of aristocratic caste became so unpleasant to his National Socialist ideals that one day he made his appearance at the *Reichsjugendführung* (Leadership of the Youth Movement) in full dress with sabre and spurs. There he was heartily welcomed. He changed his beautiful uniform for the blue overall of the youngsters (*Jungvolk*) and the elegant breeches for short trousers and bare knees. Up to now he has not regretted the change for he became *Jungbannführer* within a very short time and 6,000 youngsters paraded before him. In the Army he would have had to wait a lifetime for a similar advancement.

How about the non-commissioned officers? Those who wish to become professional soldiers have to contract for twelve years' service. During his last years the N.C.O. is sent to school to train for the civil service, which is to be his occupation after his discharge. During the twelfth year duty ceases and the N.C.O. only attends these courses and his career in civil life will depend upon the results of an examination held at the end of that year. He also can be paid out if he wishes and start business. Have a talk with such an N.C.O. just at the end of his twelve years' period and ask him about his plans and wishes! You will be amazed to find that his ideal is a small job in the municipality of a provincial town, with short hours and plenty of leisure; furthermore, a small house and a garden—the ideals of the 'retired' man!

But these men are between 30 and 40 and in the prime of life. After twelve years' service with the German Army they have very little strength and energy to start on their own. After twelve years of obeying orders and very hard work, they are unable and unwilling to enter the normal competitive struggle, but prefer to become officials, law-abiding and obedient, having long since ceased to think effectively for themselves.

II

Many of the N.C.O.'s of the regular Army have been seriously misled in the last few years, for they contracted to serve for twelve years at a time when the German Army had only 100,000 men and even a corporal played a rôle of his own. Nowadays things have totally changed, for every reasonably intelligent young man can be a corporal of the reserve after two years' service and the professional soldier naturally regards this as prejudicial treatment. These bored, dull citizens, with a cottage and garden as their ideal, are certainly not 'fighters' in Hitler's sense. No, they are thoroughly unpolitical and not interested

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at all in party matters. Should the attempt be made by the Army to change the political leadership of Germany, it can be taken for granted that the non-commissioned officers would blindly carry out every command whether those commands were for or against the Nazis.

The ordinary soldier more truly represents the spirit of German youth today; and on him depends the future of the Third Reich. The young man will usually be commencing his two years' military service at an average age of 20 years and has already been for several years a member of the Hitler Youth and in a labor camp for six months. Both are Party organizations, and the youngster is therefore saturated with National Socialist ideas. In consequence he is either an enthusiastic Nazi or—and this is the case in general—he is bored stiff with the whole business. The military training does little to alter this mental state. In spite of the fact that the military service usually follows directly after the Labor service (where the young man is also subject to a half military drill), the first weeks under the colors are physically exhausting to the recruit and there is little or no strength left for 'political conviction.' And once the six weeks are over, all his thoughts are centered on his daily duties, and all his wishes and ambitions are concentrated on the aim of obtaining the maximum results, in order to please his superiors. He feels himself as soldier, soldier, soldier and nothing else—and grows to be proud of it.

But what a tremendous difference compared with the Labor service that he has just left! Primitive lodgings and a Spartan catering against the luxurious barracks and varied food of the Army. A thoroughly disgraceful, badly fitting uniform in the Labor service, but here a beautiful tunic. He has been used to coarse, uneducated leaders: and in their place he finds the smart, imposing officers of the regular Army. In fact, everything is done to make military service as comfortable as possible, and the older generation of soldiers can be heard grumbling about 'nursing the Army' and that in their time food and lodging were very different from today. From end to end of Germany the huge, imposing barracks are to be seen which, apart from the automobile highways, are the most striking monuments to the Third Reich's building efficiency. Compared with pre-War barracks the new buildings are more cheerful to look at. No more useless ornaments and towers that seemed like great fortresses, but buildings with a simple exterior, admirably fitted for the purpose they are to serve and with innumerable windows through which light, air and sun can pass freely. The soldiers' rooms are bright, the walls painted in light colors, with curtains at the windows, and the barracks have hot water in the numerous washing-rooms, shower-baths and central heating.

III

The Army Administration and the separate Army units who purchase their own food supplies do so with little regard for the population as a whole, and this is the reason for the many food shortages from which the German housewife suffers. In one case the market was flooded with fresh tomatoes for several days. This pleased the housewife, but before she could lay in a stock, those supplies had com-

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pletely disappeared again! The same happens with fruit, vegetables, meat —all these things are wanted to make preserves for the Army. The shortage of butter which is now a permanent feature in the Third Reich does not apply to the Army. Every soldier gets more than 2 oz. of butter daily with his bread, whereas the civil population does not even receive 1 oz. for eating *and* cooking purposes. The soldier's daily menu is something like this: coffee, bread, butter, marmalade for breakfast; soup, meat, vegetables, 2 pounds of potatoes, or, in place of the soup, compote or a sweet dish for dinner; tea, bread, butter, with sausages or sardines or cheese for supper. Meat at least five times a week, and on the other days fish or vegetables.

The arduousness of the duty is nowadays due to the very extensive athletic activities and the young man who is not gifted at sports has a terrible life in the Army. Drilling, exercising and practising the most exhausting German 'march-past' also play a considerable rôle; but apart from this gymnastics, handball, running and—during the warm season—swimming are carried on daily. Some mechanized troops do 'stunt' riding for which not every young man is suited. In the barracks of a motorcycle corps to which I was a regular visitor, I have either been witness of an accident or at least heard of one which had just happened every time I was there. In spite of this fact, the young German, given a free choice, prefers the mechanized troops, for all mechanical things are very attractive to the youth of today and, furthermore, the military technical training proves very valuable to the soldier when he reënters civil life. I often heard from medical quarters that the troops' physical condition is not as good as it appears to be. The youth now called to the colors was born during and immediately after the war, and shows signs of having suffered from defective nutrition in childhood. The endurance of those young men who are so marvelous to look at is said to be rather poor and many fatal accidents (about 200 were rumored) which occurred during the annexation of Austria were caused chiefly by exhaustion and falling asleep when driving.

IV

The treatment of the soldier by his superiors is in general quite good. The previous '*Zu Befehl*' (at your order) has been changed to 'yes,' and in practice the soldier has to reply 'yes' to everything that is said to him. His own wishes, as far as he is allowed to express them, take the form of 'I beg to be allowed to . . . ' The complete physical and spiritual submission—upon which every army must insist in a certain degree—is in no way calculated to keep the National-Socialist spirit alive. Membership of the Party is suspended during military service and the young soldier lives in a world quite of his own. The State, however, does everything to create a strong link between the civil population and the Army. One Sunday a month every German is supposed to eat a cheap meal and to give the surplus to the Winter Relief. On this Sunday the troops come with their *Gulasch-Kanonen* (camp-kettles) selling a 'one-pot-meal.' No big show of the 'Strength-through-Joy' Organization is complete without its Army

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contingent. Once a year all the barracks are opened to the public whose entrance fees go to the Winter-Help, and each guest is allowed to eat a meal, ride on horseback and to shoot —a kind of a fair with the Army as circus owner! In fact there can be no doubt about the tremendous popularity of the German Army today.

While the civil population is proud of the new Army and ready to make sacrifices in order that it may be built up and maintained, the soldier himself considers every man who does not wear a military uniform as a 'shabby civilian.' He takes for granted all the sacrifices made in his favor, but how far is he himself prepared to make similar sacrifices? The Czecho-Slovakian crisis provided an interesting trial and—to the surprise of most—the German soldier did not show the slightest desire to go to war. Of this there cannot be the slightest doubt, for after five years of National-Socialist drill and Dr. Goebbels's tremendous propaganda it was still not possible—and this to the honor of the German youth—to persuade the German soldier that he had to sacrifice his life in order to free his 'Bohemian brothers' who were, in fact, totally indifferent to him. I was at one new barrack the day before the troops should leave, and long columns of lorries were ready to start for an 'unknown destination.' Small groups of infantry, silent, without the usual lusty singing, awaited orders. An N.C.O. that I knew came up. Weeks before I had met him beaming with pride, but now he was pale. 'We have all been induced to get a family and now I must bid them good-bye,' he said softly, as we shook hands.

No, there was certainly no war enthusiasm, and it is questionable if this Army, with its brilliant outward appearance, would be prepared to give of its best in case of an emergency. At the top is an officer class, the majority of whom are indifferent, if not even hostile, toward the National-Socialist leaders. Then we have a corps of N.C.O.'s with little initiative and no inspiration to carry out commands, but most likely quite as ready to succumb to pressure from below; young soldiers perfectly willing to lead the comfortable life but not in the least prepared to die as heroes; and—in the case of war—the mobilized reserve which would be drawn from all classes of the nation. Taken as a whole they were not in the mood last year in which battles are successfully fought.

In spite of the fact that the German Army is far from being 'National Socialist,' the optimistic belief that it will force a change in the régime is quite wrong, for its position today is too favorable to induce a violent change. But if no way is found to improve the German economic situation the Army is bound to be handicapped in comparison with the armies of other nations. Meanwhile 'National-Socialist' leaders will call for the greatest possible sacrifices in order to keep the loyalty of their most dangerous child.

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Censorship of the cables is the least effective method of preserving—

American Neutrality

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

From the *Fortnightly Review*
London Independent Monthly

IT IS a simple matter for a Government to issue a proclamation of neutrality. To persuade or compel a nation collectively and individually to observe such a neutrality has always been difficult.

As matters now stand, the United States is practically the only Great Power not involved by treaty or otherwise, directly or indirectly, in the present conflict. The population contains large elements of foreign born, affiliated more or less strongly with this or that people at war. The United States trading community now holds vast stores of goods seeking export, and in normal times is an important purveyor to the daily need of the people of Europe.

The countries at war are all large importers of foodstuffs, raw materials, and manufactured goods. The United States has been the source of supply to a large extent, hence the efforts of all belligerents are now concentrated upon the United States, in an attempt, in one way or another, to secure more especially a continuation of shipments. In a war like the present, practically all supplies are contraband, for the efforts of combatants are directed towards an economic as well as an armed defeat of the enemy.

In considering the present position of the United States Government and the American people, it is well to bear in mind certain facts. The United States has today the largest effective population, judged by modern standards, of any country in the world. A long reign of free thought, free speech and a free press have resulted in little or no control by the Government of peaceful action or of public opinion, nor is any attempted. In other words, the people of the United States are given a freedom of deed and utterance such as is unknown elsewhere, even in England, for in England in normal times there are still topics upon which the press preserves considerable reticence. The rights or wrongs, the desirability or undesirability of such extreme freedom are not for discussion at

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the moment, for even in times of peace this is controversial. The fact remains, however, that this freedom does exist.

The news is the thing in the United States. To print all the news, that is, everything in which anyone might be interested, is the ambition of the American newspaper publisher. It follows, therefore, that in any big, vital controversy, all sides get a hearing in one form or another, and many believe that with full confidence in a cause the best way to kill the opposition is to give it full swing. Every word that can be secured from the countries now at war will be published; it makes no difference what its source or by what motive it is inspired. To refuse to print an interview with someone worth while because the statements made were not believed, or because they did not fit in with the views of the publishers of the paper would be considered lack of enterprise. To refuse to print 'official' news sent from London, Berlin, and Paris because it was 'official,' and therefore undoubtedly prejudiced, would be to run the risk of possibly not printing all the news, the nightmare of every responsible American journalist. And then again, it must be admitted that it would be unfair to the readers of a paper of general and indiscriminate circulation in a neutral country, and especially in the United States, where many thousands of people are still not only interested, but actually sympathetic with the land they left perhaps not so very long ago.

II

To expect the American press to champion one side of a foreign controversy to the extent of suppressing the other is a hope based upon a non-understanding of American conditions. The American newspapers are going to print all the news they can get, and the nation exercising the greatest restriction upon outgoing news will pay the price. To say, for instance, that any information printed in English newspapers shall not be cabled to the United States for fear it might reach the enemy is an absurdity; there is already plenty of evidence that all such things reach the continent by a much shorter route. To suppress, or even seriously censor, a published account of an event taken place, the details of which must naturally be fully known to the participants, friends and enemies alike, seems somewhat overcautious, to say the least.

Any attempt on the part of the United States Government to dictate as to what shall or shall not be printed concerning the war would be resented and disregarded. The present war is not looked upon as a matter of domestic concern, but one of exterior affairs, with the United States as the 'innocent bystander,' and, as is often the case in large as well as small conflicts, it is the bystander who gets hurt. It has not yet fully dawned upon Americans just how deeply they are and will be affected by this struggle-at-arms in Europe, for the political and economic changes now begun are absolutely international in their full meaning. A stronger realization of these things will come soon; there are already signs that it is on the way, and then these much-discussed questions as to the blame for the beginning of trouble and for subsequent destruction and the sufferings of the civil population will be dismissed from the American mind, for the time at least, and the greater ques-

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tion, one upon which the entire nation will be as a unit, how to aid in bringing about peace, will absorb all thought and energy.

England is Motherland to many Americans, and Germany, France and other countries are the Fatherlands of ten times as many. Sentiment governs largely in these matters, and as the heart leans, so will the mind show its prejudice. There is also a large element in the United States whose viewpoint of foreign affairs is enormously detached. Some may still feel the influence of a German university, some that of Oxford; some may still dream of younger years spent in Paris; but a greater number with no real knowledge of European politics will draw conclusions according to their information and their light.

The feeling of thousands and tens of thousands of Americans in regard to this war is that they are not so much concerned with the preliminary rights and wrongs of the case as they are filled with 'pity for all.' . . . As the slaughter and desolation increase, all partisanship will fade in a profound grief at the sufferings of humanity, the waste of energy and a national effort to assist in bringing it to an end.

From THE LIVING AGE, Dec. 12, 1914

BREVITIES

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

From *Life and Letters Today*, London

I am that man who with a luminous look
Sits up at night to write a ruminant book.

I am that man who with a furrowing frown
Thinks harshly of the world—and corks it down.

I am that man who loves to ride alone
When landscapes wear his mind's autumnal tone.

I am that man who, having lived his day,
Looks once on life and goes his wordless way.

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Two radio commentators, situated at vantage points, give their impressions of the crisis that turned into war.

Vigil *at the* Microphone

I. Behind the Pact

By John Gunther *

THE burghers in Amsterdam and the peasant harvesting wheat in the Belgian fields want peace. The conductor on the train to Luxemburg, the Italian boatman who took me to the Lido—they want peace. In Hungary and Poland I talked to housewives, telegraph clerks; they want peace.

Yesterday, flying across the Baltic, I stopped for a moment in a Finnish town. The girls swimming on that golden beach wanted peace; so did the shipmasters in their old schooners. Everywhere in every country, the common people want peace. But everywhere they are faced with war.

I have fairly strong feelings about self-determination; I believe in it. But flying down from Stockholm today, I thought that nationalism can certainly be carried to excess. Crossing from Sweden to Denmark, to Germany, to Holland, you can't tell the difference between one country and the next. The greenish brown fields are the same. The red brick houses, the slate roofs are the same. It all seems part of a common whole, a common organism. You can't tell frontiers apart.

What is going on seems to be a revolt against reason. Here we have the Russians on one day signing up with the Germans, brown shirts getting red and red shirts getting brown, so to speak. Simultaneously, the Moscow radio urges the Czechs, subjects of Germany, to rise against their oppressors in case of war between Germany and Poland. Think of the position of the Japanese. Japan lined up with Hitler against Russia, but now Russia and Germany are virtual allies, sisters under their shirts. The Japanese are stupefied, even as you and I. And the most confounded man in Europe must be General Franco himself. For almost three years, the Germans and Italians helped him fight a bitter civil war against what he considered to be the Communist-inspired régime. But now his allies, Hitler and Mussolini, have in effect lined up with his enemies, the Communists.

** Condensed from NBC broadcasts.*

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Moscow is still one of the most interesting cities in the world. It is full of strangeness, of unexpected contrasts, vitality, with streets wide enough for airplanes to land on them. It has changed a good deal since my last visit four years ago. There is a new, big coffee house, for instance, opposite Lenin's tomb, something of an innovation. People dress better, a little bit better.

When the German-Russian pact was signed, I have seldom seen people so stupefied as the French and British were. They tried to laugh it off at first. They said, 'This is confounded cheek.' It was too bewildering to believe that Stalin had joined forces with his greatest enemy. Late that afternoon the French and British gave up trying to laugh it off. They looked like ghosts.

Now, why did the Russians make this astounding turn-about? Why did they risk plunging Europe into war by giving Mr. Hitler this nice green light? Traditionally, I think Soviet foreign policy has veered between two alternatives; first, isolation; second, coöperation with the rest of Europe. It is easy to see why isolation is tempting to the Kremlin whose attitude is strikingly like that of some extreme isolationists in the United States. Why, the Russians asked themselves, should they pull British chestnuts out of the fire? If Western Europe was so stupid and reckless as to chew itself to pieces every twenty years, very well, then let it chew. On the other hand, there was a contrary impulse in the Russian mind to collaborate with Western Europe, to join Britain and France in joint defense against Germany in order to check the danger of war and the spread of Fascism.

But now the Russians have calmly deserted both these former possibilities. They have signed up with Hitler —a bitter pill for many liberals to swallow. Why? Well, first the Soviet Union has always wanted, above everything, peace for itself. It wanted to remove danger of attack from Germany. It wanted security, good relations with Germany, if it could get them on satisfactory terms. Second, the Russians saw this pact as a wonderful maneuver against their enemy on the east, Japan. It gives Russia practically a free hand against Japan now that the Russians don't have to watch both frontiers. Third, by signing up with the Germans, the Russians have sent the old Anti-Comintern Pact sky high. The Anti-Comintern Pact annoyed them and was a focus of what only recently we would have called Fascist designs against the USSR. Now it has lost all meaning and importance. In fact, I heard one friend say, with some bitterness perhaps, that Stalin has now joined the Anti-Comintern Pact. Fourth, the Russians profoundly distrusted the British and the French. They thought there might be another sell-out over Poland and they didn't want to be caught holding the bag.

II

My own opinion—and I have just been in Moscow—is that for the moment at least the Russians intend to maintain complete neutrality; in fact there has been a Moscow announcement that the Russians not only were going to remain neutral but would sell munitions and war materials to both sides alike. Be that as it may, there is a curious feeling here, and it is growing, I think, that the longer the

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war lasts, the greater will be the temptation of the Russians to give more and more help not to the Allies but to Germany.

I think there is a good deal in this, though I hate to prophesy. It seems to me that the main object of the Russians in their new pact with Germany was to play a bit of power politics, and in the meantime to insure their neutrality. In the period not so long gone by, the British thought in terms of playing the Germans off against the Russians. So the Russians, who are realists about this sort of thing, very hard-boiled, decided to have a hand at the same game and to play the Germans off against the British. But I do think there is a close and growing sympathy for Germany in the Soviet Union.

It may seem strange that these so-called ideological enemies should begin to kiss in public or even in private, but it is not so strange if you keep one particular point of view. It is this: the Russians basically consider the entire Western bourgeois world to be their enemy. Basically they think of capitalism as their chief enemy. We have now the spectacle of the Germans fighting the Western capitalist powers, fighting capitalism. The Germans are, in a word, fighting the Russians' battle.

Another thing is that the Russians now recognize that Fascism in Germany is a radical, a revolutionary movement. Fascism, too, attacks capitalism. The German revolution, the Hitler revolution, drastically nibbled away many of the privileges of capitalism, though the central structure of capitalism is retained. German capitalists are restricted in profits. They have no control of inventory or prices of raw materials or what they produce. They have no rights over labor. Labor itself, of course, has no rights. Everything is at the service of the State. So it is in Russia. So from this point of view, too, the Russians are, I think, bound to become more and more sympathetic to Germany.

Now, why did Germany on its side join Russia? Hitler must have known that the new pact would alienate the Japanese, would offend Hungary and Spain, and give his own people something really extraordinary to digest. I was told on good authority that Hitler for months had been trying to get Japan to join the Rome-Berlin Axis as a military partner. The Japanese refused, so Hitler determined to cut loose. Also, it is the story—I can't vouch for it—that Hitler was somewhat worried by what might be called lack of enthusiasm in Italy for a war. And so he determined to get another partner.

One thing is quite certain. The Russians justify the pact because of the failure of the staff talks in regard to Poland, also on the problem of indirect aggression in the Baltic area; but the pact has been on ice ready to sign since June. This is known in Moscow as a fact.

Above all, of course, Hitler wanted the pact because it means that Poland is now isolated, caught between two fires. The British and French are at a ghastly disadvantage in defending Poland. They can't get troops there or even supplies, except with the greatest difficulty.

So much, then, for the more unpleasant aspects and results of the Russo-German pact. But there was a possibility, just a possibility, incredible as it may seem now, that the

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Russian maneuver might have led to a European settlement, might have led not to war, but to peace. This is what the Russians themselves had said very pointedly. It was the only explanation, if it is an explanation, that I got when I talked with officials in the Soviet Foreign Office. The Russian theory seemed to be as following: They believed that as a result of the Pact, Hitler would be able to force some settlement of the Danzig question without war. They thought that Poland, caught between two fires, deprived of the possibility of help from the Soviet Union, had to realize that it could not fight and hence would be more willing to make some sort of concession. Moreover, the Russians assumed that the British would be so deeply worried by the new Russo-German combination that they would lend their support to some sort of compromise. The Russians had made a terribly risky gamble on the chance that war would not come as the direct result of this new balance of power.

II. In the City of Peril*

By Patrick Maitland

GOOD EVENING, everybody! You must be feeling very much the same as we were feeling here a few nights ago, that is to say, on the first night of war. So let me tell you how astonishing it is, but how quickly one gets used to it.

During the first air raid over Warsaw, I quivered in my shoes. I tried to be brave and foolhardy by going on with my shaving, but I had to give up feebly. I then ran downstairs, and it's funny how quickly you can run downstairs when you are a tiny bit—well—shall I say scared?

But I saw a group of Poles standing calm and collected. I thought I must instantly assume the British-lion expression of stolid courage. But their clear eyes saw through my pretense of being unafraid and we all laughed one of those nervous, perfunctory, apologetic little laughs that people laugh when they have nothing better to do. Then somebody whispered the words, 'It's gas!' We all had gas masks under our arms, but instead of putting them on, we just ran out to try to learn if it was true.

Now, three days after it, we feel like old hands here. We have had eight or nine raids a day since Friday morning [September 1], and really we feel a little bit proud of ourselves, maybe too proud; anyway, I can promise you, unless you are very different from us over here, that rather queer feeling somewhere between the heart and stomach, that feeling which reminds me somewhat of a merry-go-round, that rather odd feeling that one first gets when the sirens screech their warnings—well, it passes off after a day or two.

So much has happened that we are all feeling a little queer tonight. One can't get used to war conditions all at once. It is hard for us to picture here how things are going in England. We here have been forty-eight hours without news until this morning. The last news we had was that the British Am-

*Mutual Broadcasting System.

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bassador here in Berlin has left Germany and that Germany had been told to withdraw all her forces at once from Poland.

Well, we also heard something about men up to forty being called. We knew little more than that—until today. Then there came the grand news when we heard that Great Britain had declared war. Poland has been waiting for this, waiting for this very moment, since 5:30 on that fateful Friday in the morning.

Now, here is another thing: I speak as a British journalist who has just had the busiest time of his life. Since Friday morning, I have been sending telegrams to my paper without interruption. I suppose I have sent something like fifty telegrams. My colleagues have been doing the same. Now, what we journalists are wondering is how much you people know, for while the telegraph wires are jammed with official communications and when the radio possibly is being interfered with in between, jammed and so forth—we have all been wondering, dreaming, praying and having nightmares over how many of our telegrams will ever reach their destination. So, if by any chance, and perhaps this chance has not arisen, you will find that the British press has not had adequate account in these last few days, well, it is not for lack of effort on our part.

How we wonder here how you are all getting on! Here, Warsaw is calm, determined, full of courage and high spirits. Just a few minutes ago, I was indeed glad of the darkness which the nightly black-out imposes. I hid my blushes when a crowd of young men carried me shoulder-high down the street, shouting, 'Long live England! Long live King George!' It is a queer thing how embarrassed one is on these occasions. But I suppose you will be having moments of exhilaration in Britain, too.

There have been awful scenes, but perhaps the most fearful to me, at any rate, was a scene some miles from here. An old peasant woman sat beside the road, a grandchild in her arms. She had been in Warsaw, doubtless visiting relations, and had fled back to the countryside to avoid the bombing. A few yards from where she sat, staring blankly, was her cottage. It was in flames.

Here is something a little more cheering. During the worst days of the fighting, when we saw the German planes as tiny specks far up in the sky, deftly avoiding the little puffs of black which were the Polish anti-aircraft shells, breaking around them, I looked outside our house. In the middle of the deserted street there stood a horse cab. The cabby, bless his heart, was fast asleep. He woke up and said, 'What's that?'

I can just hear through the padded walls of the studio the sound of shouting. I wonder whether the microphone is picking it up. Let's listen. Well, whether you can hear it or not, it is the citizens of Warsaw cheering his Majesty King George, the Sixth.

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German visitors are completely bewildered to find America different from what the Nazi gospel taught them.

As Nazi Tourists See Us

By PAUL MARTIN
Tour Manager for an Internationally Known Travel Agency
(*As Told to* PETER CARY)

'HOW large is your army? What is the price of butter?' These are the first questions asked by Nazi tourists visiting the United States. The answers amaze them. And they are surprised that in America people don't steal the pennies left on newsstands, the milk entrusted to a doorstep, or the packages placed on top of a mailbox; that matches are given away with cigarettes; and that it is not forbidden to photograph the George Washington Bridge. It is all so unlike what they were told to expect here—and what they have at home.

As tour manager for a large travel agency, I have been guide for many German trade or professional groups —Nazi brewers, doctors, bakers, engineers, business men—come to study American methods and incidentally to see the country and enjoy themselves. Their questions and reactions are a reflection of the ignorance and isolation in which even well-educated Germans live, and an unconscious revelation of conditions in Germany today.

All German tourists take it for granted that the beacon on the Palmolive building in Chicago is for anti-aircraft defense, and some believe that the canvas covers on the telescopes atop the Empire State Building conceal machine guns. They are puzzled by the lack of armed guards about New York, the absence of sentries along our Canadian border, the scarcity of uniforms everywhere. When they learn that the regular army of the United States numbers less than 180,000 men, they are stunned. They had expected an inefficient army, but nevertheless an army. 'Where are the soldiers?' they asked me in Washington. I said there were no soldiers. I was wrong—we saw two, sitting on the White House lawn.

To them butter is a symbol of what they have had to give up for German rearmament. They cannot believe our butter is so cheap—no matter how they reckon its price in any one of the many kinds of marks which the Germans still call money. The window of

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a chain grocery store will keep a group of tourists occupied for a whole morning, shaking their heads and clucking in wonder. They feel both envy and disbelief as they observe our plenty—the immense volume of production; the enormous variety of low-priced goods in a Sears Roebuck catalogue; the high-piled fruit stands; the profusion of merchandise, of well-made, inexpensive clothes, typewriters and radios in a department store.

It takes much time, much explaining and seeing with their own eyes to convince them of the immense volume of production in the United States. Their perspective warped by Nazi propaganda, they continue to see America in terms of the German war economy, and go right on thinking in terms of Göring's 'campaign against waste and spoilage.' They are shocked to find the extravagantly lighted signs of Broadway turned on before dark, surprised that we make no effort to salvage tinfoil by collecting empty toothpaste tubes, amazed that Americans can buy tires without first applying to the Government and waiting for weeks. Our automobile graveyards leave them speechless. The brass fire-hydrants in front of our office buildings cause much comment. Germans cannot imagine a country where every bit of brass is not snapped up for munitions. Some even remark:—

'You won't have those hydrants long!'

A group of engineers was flabbergasted by the sight of at least a thousand cars parked outside a Detroit automobile factory. 'The factory then has so many executives and engineers?' they asked. It was hard to convince Nazis still waiting for Hitler's *Volkswagen*, a cheap automobile promised for the masses, that these were the cars of workmen. One or two felt sure they had been planted there to impress tourists.

II

They have no conception of our country's size. For people to whom every uncultivated square yard is treason against the nation, our millions of untilled acres are appalling. By the time they reach Chicago from New York they think they have seen it all, and their mouths fall open on learning that the Pacific coast is still two days' train ride away.

They expect to see a wilderness. They think we wiped out the Indians in a pogrom such as that suffered by the Jews in Germany (except that the Jews, of course, deserved it), yet they expect to find Indians in Chicago. They want to see buffaloes in Buffalo, N. Y. They all think Germany invented good roads, so it is painful to discover that, with the exception of a few hundred miles of their military highways ('highways of peace'), this country has tens of thousands of miles of roads that are much better.

Nazi tourists, all of whom are received by the German Embassy, have orders to be on their good behavior as representatives of Germandom. Except for an occasional inadvertent movement, they do not give the Nazi salute while here, and though the lapels of their jackets are riddled with pinholes from their Nazi insignia, the insignia are absent. However, the deluge of words about German superiority is enough to drive the tour manager crazy. Yet I often felt that the talk is chiefly to convince themselves, for their alternating surprise, resentment and apology tell another story.

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Though obviously impressed by our technical achievements, they feel under the compulsion to defend all things German, and boast of their own inferior substitutes. Struck speechless by the view from the Empire State Building, they recover quickly and explain that if they weren't made poor by 'encirclement,' they could have a building twice as high. But their materials must go for more important things, such as 'defending our honor and integrity.' Besides, 'Germany makes wonderful optical goods, dyes and chemicals. . . .'

The Nazis' consciousness of race breeds strange misconceptions in the minds of even educated, intelligent men. According to their blood theories the Pennsylvania Dutch who settled here two centuries ago are still 'Germans.' They think that the United States is 25 per cent German, that all our important citizens are either German or English and that Baron von Steuben won the American Revolution. They almost weep over the legend that German would have become the language of the United States had not a 'confused German delegate of Democratic tendencies' voted against it at a meeting of representatives of the thirteen colonies. The tour manager must be able to state the Jewish and German population of every city. It is a temptation to exaggerate the latter. When the Nazi tourists are tired or disgruntled, a sure way of restoring their good humor is to announce that everyone speaks German in the town which the train has just passed.

Milwaukee, with its large German-American population, is a painful disappointment to them. For the Mayor is a Socialist, and the Germans go to church and read liberal German-language newspapers. The tourists recover from these shocks to Nazi ego by explaining that the people of Milwaukee have been misled by the Bolsheviks, by the Jews, or at any rate by the Pope—who, according to them, is a Mason.

III

They cannot grasp the fact that America is populated by Americans. They consider us a nation of mongrels. They are surprised to hear foreign languages so little spoken here. Yet they point with scorn to our 'lack of national unity.' How can an American love his fatherland, they ask, how can he feel that he belongs (as do Germans) to a 'folkdom united by blood and soil,' when one American is an Irishman and his neighbor an Italian or a Pole? Though they know New York has a large Jewish colony, they are scornfully amazed by its enormous numbers of Catholics and Masons, even more by its Italo-American population of more than 1,000,000. Their racial feelings come out when one mentions the Rome-Berlin Axis: the Italo-German agreement, they say, is something they have to put up with—the Führer's wise politics, but not true friendship.

Many of them seriously think that the President's real name is Rosenfeld, that American banking is a Jewish monopoly, and that Morgenstein (J. P. Morgan) started the World War single-handed. They are only vaguely aware of Washington or Lincoln. In trying to explain Lincoln's historical importance to America in terms which Germans could understand I once compared him to Bismarck as a unifier of his nation. An

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infuriated tourist almost crowned me with a beer stein. I had insulted Bismarck by mentioning him in the same breath with 'this Lincoln of whom I have never even heard!'

They think the New York *Times* is a Bolshevik newspaper. If they read opinions contradictory to their own, they say, 'It is all a lie.' In their papers, they insist, they get only one version of a story—the correct one. Some don't mind the shortage of news in the Nazi papers. Others would like more, but admit censorship is necessary: 'It would not be good for the masses to be distracted by confusing details.'

It becomes obvious that a tremendous factor in the effectiveness of German propaganda on German citizens is their 'splendid isolation' from the rest of the world, an isolation of which many are only vaguely aware. Those who are aware of it say, with a curious pride, that it is because Germany is attacked on all sides. Tourists admit that news of what is happening in the world is withheld from them, but they do not admit that they get misinformation in their papers.

Our universities, according to these tourists, produce too many intellectuals and too many different opinions. They call our democracy cumbersome, despicable. Our 'so-called freedom' is merely indolence and unwillingness to serve the 'will of the nation.' The United States, they believe, is on the verge of a Communist revolution led by Roosevelt, who is a cross between a 'red agitator' and a 'second-class *Führer*.' They are incensed at learning that we, as well as Germany, have unemployment relief and a public-works program, because they had been led to think that here 16 million people are out of work and starving. The final jolt is the discovery that WPA wages go as high as $95 a month, and WPA workers are not conscript laborers living in barracks under army discipline.

IV

What they like in America is our ice cream and soda fountain drinks, rodeos, the canyons of Wall Street, picture magazines, our cocktails (which they invariably drink after dinner), the way our women dress (though 'not befitting the dignity of future mothers'), our night clubs and (though they won't admit it) our Negro entertainers. Partly because they want to be polite and partly out of a kind of dogged, scientific curiosity, they systematically try all American foods. They detest sweet potatoes, tearoom salads—the kind with mayonnaise, pineapple and maraschino cherries—and such things as jelly with meats. Though German brewers who came here said that our American beer is excellent, the average tourist says it is lousy. Only Germany has good beer. On the other hand, the thickness of the cream served in Pullman cars makes up for 'inferior' beer and almost any gastronomic or economic sin. They take back with them to Germany radios, silk stockings and gadgets from the five-and-ten cent stores. This on very little money, for the Nazi government limits each of them to four dollars a day in cash—a restriction they find hard to explain. I have seen some of them, millionaires at home, pawn cameras or jewelry for pocket money.

They also take home with them

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some indelible impressions. They arrive passionately convinced that Germany is unsurpassed in every respect, and while seven years of propaganda cannot be wiped out in two weeks, the visit here is a disillusioning jolt. How much of a jolt one cannot tell, because they keep such thoughts to themselves. Apparently they dare not risk an indiscreet remark, lest it get back to Germany. Though three thousand miles separate them from home, they walk in fear.

Our own lack of fear, and our freedom, they cannot understand. While sitting in the bar of a Pittsburgh hotel, a group of German tourists offered to bet that I could not criticize Roosevelt without being arrested. I stood up on a chair and, feeling very foolish, denounced the President in good Republican language. The rest of the room booed, cheered and laughed good-naturedly. But the Germans awaited the arrival of the G-men (G for Gestapo). It took them days to get over the fact that I was not put in 'protective custody.'

Equally revealing was an incident at Niagara Falls. My tourists, being grown men, were allowed to trail along after me as they pleased. One of them climbed out on a perilous ledge to take a picture. I called him back sharply, gathered the whole group, and laid down the law. For the rest of that expedition, I ordered, they were to walk in a column, two by two, with myself at the head. They fell in readily with this regimentation, and soon were singing '*Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*' and other marching songs. At the end of their trip, several of the tourists told me that this had been the happiest day of their American visit.

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Two German writers discuss the pros and cons of the sterilization laws; an Englishman thinks the human race can muddle through without them.

The Law *of the* Select

I. Selection from the Skies

By R. Altmann

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Paris German-Emigré Weekly

As a German physician I remember with longing the time when it was still our duty to heal the sick. The German Republic tried not only to safeguard its citizens from illness, but also to guarantee medical care in case of illness and poverty to as many people as possible.

In the Third Reich physicians and health authorities are confronted with a different task. Medicine serves a broader idea—that of rearmament and war-preparedness. Scientific deductions are based on the new 'Aryan medicine.' This new 'science' is expounded in books and medical journals of the Third Reich as well as in pamphlets and the daily papers.

This school of medical science turns its back completely on all theories based on environmental influences. Whether it be a question of mental disease or of physical ailment, of social position, of wealth or poverty, good or bad housing, the object of investigation is no longer directed toward discovering the extent to which harmful environmental influences have played their part but only toward inheritance factors. Everything is explained by way of race.

According to the Law for the Prevention of Congenitally Tainted Offspring, of July 14, 1933, anyone may be sterilized who suffers from hereditary feeble-mindedness, schizophrenia, manic-depressive insanity, hereditary epilepsy, hereditary blindness or deafness, severe physical malformations of a hereditary character, or acute alcoholism. Some of these diseases are certainly hereditary, some may be, but surely there is an element of doubt in the case of alcoholism. In alcoholism hereditary factors are certainly not decisive ones. With regard to feeble-mindedness and severe physical malformations, the wording of the

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law means little; everything depends on its application.

We quote from the case-history of an attractive young girl who was on the black list:

> The Hereditary Court did not establish feeble-mindedness, one of the reasons being that the twenty-six-year-old girl has a very pleasing personality; moreover, she was able to read fluently, has sound teeth, a frank disposition and a healthy appearance. She frequently failed in school; she was able to do mechanical work as a cigar-wrapper satisfactorily; it is to be doubted whether she will ever be able to have a household and rear children.
>
> The Higher Court established, without reservations, the existence of feeble-mindedness together with a lack of initiative and ability to concentrate, and retarded mental processes. In explaining its verdict it stated that the pleasant impression and the healthy physical appearance of the subject do not alter the fact that persons with hereditary taints were likely to enter into a marriage and beget offspring precisely because of these factors.

In the preceding case the feeble-mindedness is so negligible that two courts could not agree whether or not the law was applicable. In the one court the pleasing looks of the girl are held to be an extenuating, and in the other, an aggravating, factor.

We cite another case, that of a man who was to be sterilized, according to the ruling of the Court, because one hand was deformed:

> Cleft Hand: This belongs among those malformations regarded as hereditary even if proof of further cases among blood relations cannot be found. Even if the subject, otherwise healthy and mentally alert, is not particularly handicapped by this malformation—he uses this hand without difficulty for writing or typing—he is incapable of rendering the extraordinary services required in times of war or other emergencies. Malformations must be regarded as severe if they could prove fatal to the continued existence of the race. The German race would not survive if it were to consist, to any considerable extent, of people with such deformities. (*Medizinische Wochenschrift*, 1938)

Such administration of justice acts on the principle that whoever cannot bear arms must be sterilized. Beethoven, Kant and Schiller would have been sterilized under this application of the law.

In applying the law, the judiciary and the executive (to which the physicians belong) far transcend its letter. Paragraph I of the Sterilization Law merely states that a person with an hereditary taint *may* be sterilized. Yet those condemned to sterilization by the courts are forced to subject themselves to sterilization in all cases, despite the conditional phrasing of the law: 'may' is not synonymous with 'must.' If those singled out by the courts refuse to submit, they are committed to hospitals, and there are at the mercy of a physician. National Socialists explain this abuse of the law very simply: 'That is right which serves the people.'

> The Sterilization Law is meant to apply to those whose feeble-mindedness is inherited or has been acquired in earliest youth. According to judicial interpretation of the law, proof of hereditary taint has no direct connection with sterilization itself; for congenital feeble-mindedness which is not inherited is included under the Sterilization Law, just as are cases of feeble-mindedness in which the hereditary factor has been clearly established. (*Archiv für Rassen- und-Gesellschaftsbiologie*, Vol. XXX.)

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German medicine stresses that the lame and the halt are of lesser value to the State than the healthy, and thus special consideration of them is superfluous. German physicians are greatly overworked, a fact partly due to the purging of their Jewish colleagues. Sixty to eighty patients during office hours is not unusual. This results in superficial treatment and belated diagnoses. The authorities state frankly that this situation is by no means tragic, since those who die must have suffered from some weakness and so were less valuable to the State from a racial point of view.

Those with hereditary weaknesses, National Socialist racial research teaches us, perish economically as well as physically. Gradually the slums become the depositary for inferior breeds while the upper classes owe their positions to their strong hereditary qualities.

Racial breeding—that is one of the major tasks which National Socialism assigns to its physicians. Often the doctor's desire to help the afflicted is stamped as 'criminal sentimentality.' Health authorities are made to understand that to employ their strength and resources among the unfit is to commit treason against the racial heritage of the German people. Hitherto, 'the prevailing Christian doctrine and our social institutions have favored the inferior and weak at the expense of the racially healthy and valuable,' a pamphlet complains.

This is the scientific attitude with which German medical students are inculcated today.

The Law for the Promotion of Marriage also has race-breeding as its goal. To get a 'marriage loan,' an Aryan family tree is a prerequisite. It is not necessary that the applicant belong to the upper classes but the results show that unskilled workers constitute only 5 per cent of those seeking loans. 'The percentage of unskilled workers is small; the reason is probably that they form the major contingent of the rejections.' (Dr. Folbert, *Klinische Wochenschrift*, 1938.)

II

In the *Archiv für Rassen-und-Gesellschaftsbiologie* (Volume XXX, 1936), a German military expert, Major Suchsland of the German Air Ministry, in an article entitled 'Casualties among the Civil Population by Air Raids and the Effect on the Health of the People,' contends that bombing promotes the survival of the fittest.

> Only inherently superior individuals will determine what has to be done, and will act accordingly. They will only be a minority. The next best category of individuals will obey instructions instinctively given by the authorities. As far as the rest of the population is concerned, the safety of the individual will diminish in proportion to his or her intellectual ability to make use of these instructions. Those who are of a low intellectual standard—the term is used in the widest sense and not confined to the actually insane—are more or less incapable of acting according to such instructions and will behave unintelligently. If we make allowance for exceptions in individual cases, we are therefore in a position to state that, on the whole, casualties will be greater among those classes whose intellectual standard is inferior. Though the loss of every human life is regrettable from the humanitarian point of view, racial hygiene can only be satisfied with such a distribution.

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The author points out further that 'the confusion caused by air raids will be used by criminal elements for giving vent to their anti-social impulses. Air raids will be accompanied by theft, robbery and plundering.' Major Suchsland is confident that these criminal elements will, because of their activities during raids, be killed by enemy bombs. But also the poor and the rich will be 'selected' by the bombs in such a way that the death roll among the poorer classes will inevitably be greater:

> The selection of human beings, according to the areas which they inhabit, is a fact which cannot be denied. This selection is based on inherited qualities as well as on the social distribution of professions and classes. It may be assumed that the fact that an individual lives in a certain area classes him or her in a special group of inherited qualities. If his or her inherited qualities are below the average of the class of people who inhabit the same district, the income of the individual will decrease, the district become too expensive and the individual will move to a cheaper one. If, on the other hand, his or her inherited qualities are superior to those of the average of the inhabitants of the district, the income of the individual will increase, and he will desire to live in a more congenial, more comfortable and 'fashionable' place, and will move to such an environment.
>
> Assuming that the population density is a measure of the casualties, we are entitled to expect that there will be less victims among the category of individuals whose inherited qualities are of greater value for the nation as a whole.

The majority of German scientists and physicians are longing for the end of this state of barbarism which forces them to teach a kind of 'science' that leads to perversion. They submit to a terror against which they are powerless and they sometimes wonder whether their colleagues abroad fully realize the difficulties with which they have to contend.

II. Case for Sterilization

Condensed from the *Brücke*, German Topical Weekly, Published for Germans Abroad

MANY of the laws made in Germany today are made to benefit future generations. That for the prevention of hereditary disease attracted a great deal of attention and evoked much comment and criticism all over the world.

Scientists and laymen of various nationalities hailed the law as a turning point in the history of humanity, while others stigmatized it as a return to barbarism and paganism. This 'stigma' is borne not only by Germany, but by the United States of America, several of the Swiss Cantons, and the Scandinavian countries as well, while in Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and even in Britain, the voices demanding a similar law are becoming increasingly insistent.

The reasons for the introduction of such a law are so eminently clear that even a child can understand them. The fundamental reason is the present heavy expense borne by the State. For a healthy school-child, Germany

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pays 75 marks annually; for a mentally defective child many times this sum; and for a social misfit, a pervert, or an imbecile, twenty times this sum. An idiot costs the state 6–8 marks daily; those with criminal tendencies requiring special warders and constant supervision in institutions, as much as 20 marks daily.

The majority of German workers do not earn anything approaching the amount spent by the State on its mentally-deficient persons, idiots, imbeciles and criminals. It is a question of vital importance whether the German people, which has to struggle so hard for its very existence, should allow the unchecked reproduction of these mentally defective persons, thereby placing a very heavy financial burden on the workers, or take steps, at least, to prevent the birth of the worst and most costly cases.

Those suffering from physical hereditary diseases, the congenitally blind, deaf or dumb, are also subject to the law, even though, apart from their expensive training, they are no burden to the State, having learned to earn their own living.

II

An even more important reason for the introduction of the sterilization law is the danger that, in the future, the mentally defective and feeble-minded will outnumber those of normal intelligence. Professor Lenz, Professor of Anthropology at Berlin University, gives the following illuminating example: Let us assume that in 1630, 50 per cent of Germany's population was white and 50 per cent was black. If, during the three hundred years which have elapsed since then, the blacks had constantly multiplied at the rate of four children every twenty-five years, and the whites had multiplied at the rate of only three children every thirty years, 90 per cent of the population in Germany today would be black. If we substitute feeble-minded, socially deficient, lazy and stupid for black, and gifted, industrious, clever, brave, and the like for white, it is easy to see how quickly a people as a whole can become degenerate.

In Germany today the people of superior intelligence have only one or two children; it is very rare for families of healthy stock to have many children. Then, too, while people of high-grade intelligence, by reason of the longer time spent at school, take up occupations entailing long and specialized training, acquire a well-developed sense of responsibility, and thus rarely marry before they are in their thirties, people of very low intelligence, being comparatively irresponsible, marry at eighteen to twenty-five, or even earlier, and produce offspring many of whom have to be cared for by the State.

In a hundred years, therefore, two children of healthy stock will have only 16 descendants, while five children of tainted stock, even if they produce only the minimum number of children produced by those socially deficient, will, according to proved statistics, have 3,125 descendants. Dividing this figure by two to account for those who die young or have no children, we still have 1,600 descendants, thus proving that people of tainted stock multiply 100 times more rapidly than people of healthy stock.

Every detail of the law has been worked out most carefully. A doctor is bound to report each known case of

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hereditary disease to the Government doctor. If, after medical examination, which must take place in every case, the patient realizes his condition sufficiently, he can apply for sterilization himself; if not, it is the duty of his guardian or the Government doctor to do so. The application goes before the Hereditary Health Court, which consists of a lawyer and two specialists in hereditary diseases. They not only examine the patient, but also investigate his family history, to discover whether he is suffering from a disease which is definitely, or in the highest degree probably capable of being transmitted to his descendants. If the doctors of the Hereditary Health Court consider that the case is covered by the statute, sterilization is ordered. It must be carried out in a State hospital by an independent and specially trained surgeon and gynecologist.

If after the judgment of the Hereditary Health Court, the candidate for sterilization offers any objections, one of the Hereditary Health Courts of Appeal which are situated in the capital cities is called upon to function. If this court considers that sterilization is necessary, it can be forcibly carried out against the will of the patient. This provision is essential, as otherwise the law would be ineffective in the most important and difficult cases.

The introduction of anatomical science and the dissection of corpses, upon which all medical science is based, had raised vigorous protests from the Church in former times, and there is no doubt that future generations will judge the battle now being waged by the Church against this attempt to prevent hereditary disease in much the same light as we today judge the efforts made by the Church to prevent the dissection of corpses in the Middle Ages.

Finally, it must be emphasized that sterilization entails only a minor operation, which in no way prevents an individual from exercising his spiritual, mental and physical capacities to the full.

III. If Humans Were Horses

By Y. Y.

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

'AH,' said a friend to me, after studying a photograph of the Ascot races, 'if we only bred human beings with as much care as we breed horses, what a difference it would make! In a few generations men and women would become almost as well worth looking at as horses.' It was not an original thought. If I remember right, Mr. Shaw once wrote in favor of improving the breed of human beings on the lines followed by the great race-horse owners. Certainly the horse is a powerful argument for the necessity of a sound, even a brilliant, ancestry. When a horse wins the Derby, the experts can usually produce a pedigree, showing that he comes of stock which has produced horses of genius for half-a-dozen or more generations.

Whether human beings could be bred in such a way as to insure the transmission of great gifts from one generation to another is a question to

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which I do not know the answer. Few men of genius seem to have been a great success as fathers. None of the great English poets has had a son who was a great poet. This is no argument against the importance of breeding, for the mates of men of genius are not chosen as carefully as the mates of racehorses. The breed of racehorses would quickly degenerate if as little regard were paid to the choice of a brilliant mate as is often the case in human marriage. It is, perhaps, because of this carelessness in the choice of wives that so few families are conspicuous for great talents in succeeding generations.

There has never been a family, for example, in which literary talent was hereditary for so long a period as musical talent was hereditary in the family of the Bachs. I took up the *Encyclopedia* to find out how long this period was, and I learned that 'the Bach family was of importance in the history of music for nearly two hundred years.' It seems to have begun with Veit Bach in the sixteenth century, a baker and miller, 'whose zither,' it is said, 'must have sounded very pretty among the clatter of the mill wheels.' His son became a professional musician, and his grandson had two sons who 'are among the greatest of J. S. Bach's forerunners.' Another grandson was the grandfather of the great Bach. Of the family as a whole we are told that 'through all the misery of the peasantry at the period of the Thirty Years' War this clan maintained its position and produced musicians who, however local their fame, were among the greatest in Europe. So numerous and so eminent were they that in Erfurt musicians were known as "Bachs," even when there were no longer any members of the family in the town.' Of Bach's own sons, moreover, five became musicians—surely the most remarkable instance of inherited talent on record.

It is possible, but not probable, that the Bachs were more than usually wise in their choice of wives. It is also possible that succeeding generations adopted music as their profession, not merely as a result of inherited talent, but because of the musical environment in which they grew up. Still, many families have grown up in a musical environment without producing a breed of Bachs. The sons of great poets are commonly brought up in a bookish environment, but few, if any, of them have written great literature.

II

There are some people who maintain that, though talent may be hereditary, genius is not. Clever parents produce clever children, they say, but genius seems to exhaust something in the stock; and, when a man of genius appears, his descendants are likely to be no abler than the children of ordinary men. I doubt generalizations of this kind. It is clear enough that genius of a particular kind cannot be transmitted; but it is probable that, in the family of a man of genius as well as in the family of a man of talent, great abilities can. Still, even among racehorses, however carefully the parents are chosen, there is no certainty of the transmission of talent. Again and again we hear of a rich man or woman spending thousands of pounds on a beautifully bred yearling only to discover that the animal is not worth its keep. On the whole, however, so far as I have been able to dis-

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cover, the theory of breeding for quality works out admirably in the world of horses. If human beings were horses, I should be in favor of it for them, too.

My friend who drew morals from the Ascot photograph, however, might have gone on to point out that breeding is not enough, that training is also important, and to have asked whether human beings are as carefully trained as horses. In some cases, no doubt, they are; but in many cases, it is probable, much less regard is paid during training to the individuality of the human being than to the individuality of the horse.

I speak as an ignoramus, but I have been told that there are horses that must be allowed to run their own kind of race, and that are almost certain to lose if a determined jockey tries to impose his will on them. Other horses —so I have been told—cease to race if they are allowed to get in front too soon, and others like to be in front all the way. Some respond at a crisis to the whip; some the whip merely makes stubborn. There are horses that lack courage when overtaken, and other horses whom a challenge near the winning-post inspires to redoubled efforts. All such things the trainer has to take into account, and it is only by taking them into account that he earns the title 'wizard' in the sporting press.

The principles of horse-training are applied to the education of human beings today much more widely than they used to be. Imagine what a difference it would have made, when Shelley was at Eton, if there had been a master as wise in the art of training as Fred Darling or Joe Lawson. On the other hand, since human beings are not horses, I wonder whether Shelley would have been a better poet as a result. It is possible that a conventional education against which he rebels may be the best education for a poet. His individuality becomes stronger because of its struggle for existence against a system that tries to reduce it to a common measure. I doubt whether any poet's genius would benefit if he were trained by schoolmasters and professors for a poetic career as carefully as a horse is trained for the Derby. The human being, I fancy, is by nature more rebellious than the horse; and it may be that poets are most fortunate when in early life they are encouraged only by their friends and discouraged by nearly everybody else.

The more I think of Ascot, indeed the more doubtful I become that it can teach us anything about the breeding and training of human beings. After all, in a democratic country a human being is brought up to be partly free, whereas in all countries a horse is brought up to be largely a slave.

Almost all systems of education, it seems to me, produce excellent human beings. I dislike boarding schools in theory, but how admirable a type of citizen often emerges from them! If we knew as much about human beings as trainers know about horses, we might devise an ideal system of education. But we do not. That is why, though the trained horse is always better than the untrained horse, the untrained human being is occasionally better than the trained human being. It is also why you will never have at Ascot human beings as perfect in their way as the horses on which they lose their money.

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If César were a less popular young man, this tale of woe need not have been told.

Who Killed Mimiq?

By Jean Malaquais

Translated by Lucy Cores

From *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

'César,' my Uncle Haha was saying through his nose. 'César, leave the room! You have killed Mimiq.'

My Uncle Haha's fleshy nose above his luxurious beard was quivering with indignation. 'César,' he trumpeted, 'you gallows' bird!' And he proceeded to invoke the crimes of Troppman, Landru and the Vampire of Düsseldorf, who, according to him, had committed mere peccadillos in comparison with my own sin. 'César, César, vanish forever,' he kept shouting, shaking Mimiq whom he was holding in his hand—and Mimiq seemed to approve, his poor little head lolling in all directions. 'Yes, yes,' he seemed to say, 'you have killed me. Go away, César.'

I love my Uncle Haha dearly. He is an upright and just old man, extravagantly proud of his beard which, indeed, is a unique spectacle, shaped like the tail of a peacock at its fullest spread. He used to know my sainted mother, of whom he told me marvelous things every time I returned to port, and this cult of the beloved dead which we had in common brought us close together. I need not mention the affection that we together bore for his parrot Mimiq, also now departed from this life. Nevertheless, like all fussy old men, Uncle Haha could not stand contradiction, insisted that he was always right, and if he happened to regard me as Mimiq's murderer, it was not for me to hold a contrary view.

'César,' my Uncle Haha went on without stopping, 'out with you, César! You are a vile murderer.' How could I slip in a word in my defense, hard as it was for me to formulate any words at all, because, to tell the truth, I had had a little to drink? In the oblique rays of the setting sun, Mimiq's feathers shone a lovely green, flecked with iridescent blue and yellow. 'Mimiq, won't you at least say that I haven't killed you?' But Mimiq was silent, and Uncle Haha continued with his nasal monologue. 'Leave this room, César, you hired assassin!'

If only Mlle. Reine were not drunk!

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She could talk so well, Mlle. Reine, she would have been able to explain to Uncle Haha that it wasn't my fault that Mimiq was dead, but there she was sitting hunched over on the folding-chair, hiccuping for all she was worth, and, 'César, César,' my Uncle Haha went on, shaking Mimiq's inert body in my face, 'Out of my sight, ignoble stripling!' I took a little step backward, and I still couldn't find anything to say in my defense; it's a nuisance to lose all one's faculties when one has drunk a little and, besides, I had not killed Mimiq.

Less than two hours ago I had come in from Singapore, radiantly happy at the thought of surprising Uncle Haha, happy, too, because of the gifts I was bringing in my kit—an English hairbrush for my uncle and some psillium pills for Mimiq, who suffered from constipation. I love to give useful gifts; why then, should anybody think that I killed Mimiq? I had run up the stairs, taking four steps at a time, and that isn't easy when one is carrying a load, opened the door and said, 'Hello, there, Uncle Haha.' But he didn't even turn around. He was holding Mimiq in his two hands, and Mimiq was screaming as if he were being boiled alive. I then dropped my kit and went to investigate.

It was very clear. Mimiq had again swallowed something unpalatable. It was an evil habit of his to swallow everything he could lay his beak on. My Uncle Haha was holding him firmly with one hand, and trying to open his beak with the other. But Mimiq was not helping him. He was swearing and uttering obscenities, as if he were a grown-up person. He was behaving as I have never seen him behave before, clawing at Uncle Haha's beard in a most irreverent manner, and the old man, his index finger crooked, was repeating in his nasal voice 'Your beak, Mimiq, open your beak, you rascal!' But Mimiq only opened his beak to swear, howling at the top of his voice 'Old drunk, nasty old devil, sinful old windbag!'

I knew that Mimiq had a violent temper, but I had never imagined that he had such an extensive repertory of invectives. If I had permitted myself a tenth of this insolence, Uncle Haha would have put me out of his house, but from Mimiq he accepted the worst language—a piece of favoritism which sorely hurt my self-esteem. Carried away by just indignation, I cried, 'Shut up, Mimiq, show a little respect for Uncle Haha.' At this Mimiq threw a mean, oblique look in my direction. 'Nasty brat,' he spat out, 'disgusting mess of a sailor!'

At this point Uncle Haha finally became aware of my presence. 'Quick,' he said, 'run and fetch Mlle. Reine. Mimiq has swallowed something.'

'What has he swallowed this time?' I asked. 'A string of artificial pearls again?'

'No, a safety-pin. Run and get her, César.'

'Imbecile,' Mimiq grated out, 'get going!'

'Was the safety-pin open?'

'Naturally!' Uncle Haha replied with impatience. 'If it were closed it would not have tempted him. Quick, go fetch Mademoiselle Reine. Give me your beak, Mimiq.'

That was a fine mess of things. There was nobody who could help Mimiq except Mlle. Reine, who had saved his life on previous occasions. Incorrigible offender that he was, Mimiq would ingurgitate the most un-

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expected objects—pants-buttons, tacks, erasers, and Uncle Haha once surprised him in the act of gulping the stopper of a flask, but never before had he tried to devour safety-pins. It could almost be said that with age his taste was becoming ever more dainty. Each of these experiences left him sick, repentant and suspicious of all nourishment. Then he would begin again to pamper his vice.

II

I hurried downstairs—and that's where the drama begins. The door of the apartment on the fourth floor opened and Mme. Margot barred my way. 'Hello, César,' she said. 'Here you're back again. Come in and visit me.' Margot had been a friend of my dead mother's, she had been present at my baptismal, and that is something one does not forget. I could not decently refuse an invitation. 'I can only stay a second,' I told her, 'on account of Mimiq who has swallowed a safety-pin, and now I must look for Mlle. Reine.' 'You don't say. A pin!' returned Mme. Margot. 'Come in anyway, my dear.'

My godmother poured me a tumbler of prune brandy, my favorite drink. 'You are growing, César,' she told me. 'Your poor mother up there (and she pointed to the ceiling), she must be rejoicing to see you growing like this.' 'Well, Godmother Margot, I'm not going to give her any cause to worry about me up there, but now I have to run away, there's a safety-pin . . .'

I was out of doors like a flash, and down another flight of stairs and fell right into the arms of M. Fulbert, waiting for me on the stairs. 'I have been watching for you, César,' he said. 'Hum—come in and see me a minute.' In spite of his amazing mechanical talents, fate had made of M. Fulbert a mere overseer in a candy factory. As a sort of compensation, he spent all his free time investigating the principle of perpetual motion—'But just for a moment,' I told him, 'on account of Mimiq who has just swallowed a safety-pin.' 'Is it open?' 'It is open.' 'Hum, perforation of the gizzard,' he diagnosed immediately, 'but not before peristaltic contraction has propelled the object out of the œsophagus. . . . A bit of cherry brandy, César?' I didn't say no, I like cherry brandy.

'How is the perpetual machine getting along?' M. Fulbert's mustache bristled with animation and he dragged me into his laboratory, a big room filled with a thousand objects—a sanctuary which I was one of the few privileged to enter. It was an inextricable confusion of weights, motors, pulleys, test-tubes, coils, and an enormous robot made of galvanized steel plate. I would have stayed God knows how long had I not heard the heavy tread of Madame Gillette, his wife, shaking the staircase she was ascending. I remembered that I was supposed to go and fetch Mademoiselle Reine for Mimiq.

I sped off like a comet, resolved that nothing else should stop me when, on the second floor, I bumped into Pilate, my best friend. 'César!' he cried, 'César!' 'Pilate!' I cried, 'Pilate!' And we embraced. 'Come in, César, nobody is home and we'll have a quiet little talk.' 'I am only coming in for a second,' I said, 'on account of Mimiq, who has eaten a safety-pin.' Pilate brought a bottle and two glasses. One

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can't refuse to drink a drop of rum with one's best friend unless one is seeking a quarrel, and I don't want to quarrel with anyone, particularly not with Pilate, and besides M. Fulbert's cherry brandy had left me a little thirsty. After a while Pilate took a photograph from his pocket. 'Look at it, but from a distance,' he ordered. It was a picture of a girl, very lightly dressed, and Pilate snatched the snapshot away when I tried to bring it nearer. 'Well, what do you think of her?' 'Not bad, not bad. If you're a real friend, you'll introduce me to her.' But Pilate told me that he and she were just like man and wife. 'She is called Bichette, my dear old César, and I am her first, on my word I am.' We drank to Bichette's health.

III

It was almost dark on the stairs when Pilate closed the door behind me, and suddenly I forgot just what I had been sent after. I sat down on the stairs and pondered the situation. It was very pleasant to sit there like this, leaning comfortably against the rail, but at the same time I was troubled by a vague feeling of guilt, as though there was something wrong in my sitting in the twilight, doing nothing.

At last I shrugged my shoulders and was preparing to take a little nap when, suddenly, a memory struck me: open safety-pin, Mimiq, Mlle. Reine. I leaped to my feet and bolted down the last two flights to fall into the arms of Mme. Zulma carrying her little Samson in her arms and dragging along her basket of wash. I just missed knocking her over, poor Mme. Zulma. I put on the brakes so that sparks actually flew from under my heels and succeeded in stopping short. But Mme. Zulma was not alarmed in the least. 'Ah, it is you, my little César. You startled me. Where are you running like this? Are you trying to catch your ship?' 'No, Madame Zulma, I am hurrying on account of the safety-pin that has eaten Mimiq. . . .' There, I was beginning to stutter. Luckily, Mme. Zulma was not paying attention. 'If you aren't running to catch your ship, why do you run at all?' she asked. 'Help me with the basket, will you, my good César?' Mme. Zulma was the prettiest widow in the house. She had dimples, scarlet lips, blue eyes and black hair, one simply cannot refuse when such a pretty widow asks one to carry a basket of wash. I lifted it to my shoulder and we mounted one flight. 'Sit down, my good César, I am going to prepare you a glass of hydromel.'

Madame Zulma was plump and neat. It was a pleasure to see her putting Samson to bed. She gave him a rag dipped in sweetened water to chew on, then she sat down at the other end of the table. There were two branches of lilacs in a vase on the table, and potted geraniums on the windowsill were contemplating the blue sky, and no rum, no matter how old, has ever tasted better than the homely family drink she gave me. We sat without talking, two people who understood each other so well that they didn't need to speak, and Samson sucked on his rag. I felt even better than I had been feeling a few minutes ago when I was sitting on the staircase. Madame Zulma looked down on the ground and crossed her hands in her lap, it was all very pretty, then she rose quickly, turned her back on me and went to the window. 'One would think you are in

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the moon,' she said without turning around.

God's name! That's just where I was! What about Mimiq? I had completely forgotten Mimiq and the safety-pin. In a second I was downstairs, crossed the street, and almost broke down the door in my haste to get to Mlle. Reine, who was soaking her feet in a basin of water and reading. She greeted me with 'Hello, Little Cæsar, you seem very excited,' seemingly undisturbed by my stormy entrance. An admirer of Edward G. Robinson, Mlle. Reine always called me 'Little Cæsar.' 'Hurry, hurry,' I said, gesticulating. 'Mimiq has eaten Uncle Haha, I mean, he has eaten a safety-pin. . . .' And in my desire to make her understand, I imitated him swallowing the pin, his agony as it pierced his vitals, the frantic beating of wings.

Mademoiselle Reine withdrew her feet from the basin. 'Little Cæsar,' she said severely, 'you have been drinking, you are stuttering like a little nitwit. Pass me the towel.' I passed her the towel and helped her to dry her legs, there was no time to lose —but a magnificent creature, this Mlle. Reine.

'Little Cæsar,' she said, 'I am not going to ask you what poor Mimiq has done this time, because you are quite incapable of putting two words together. Pass me my belt.' We rushed out like two meteors and had already crossed the street when Mlle. Reine realized she had forgotten her case with the instruments. I ran back to get it, and when I returned to Mlle. Reine, I found her in animated conversation with Mme. Zulma. It seemed that her medicine has completely cured Samson's whooping-cough. Mlle. Reine came in to take a look at him and so did I since I was with her, and we drank to Samson's health. On the second floor we ran across Pilate. 'Hello, Mademoiselle Reine, could you come in and look at something that I've got here?' And we came in to see what he had there. It was only a little rash on his hand, and Mlle. Reine prescribed a salve for him. We were all so relieved that Pilate's ailment was not serious that we had a drink of his rum.

Slowly, step by step, we made the three flights that separated us from the apartment of Uncle Haha. The minute we entered, Mademoiselle Reine dropped on a folding-chair, and dissolved in tears. As for me, I wasn't even given the time to find a chair.

'Assassin,' Uncle Haha was trumpeting in a terrible voice. 'Murderer! Leave the room, César!' And I knew that Mimiq was dead. 'What do you mean, murderer,' I wanted to say, but not a sound passed my lips. I didn't do anything to Mimiq, he himself had swallowed the safety-pin. Mimiq, Mimiq, tell him that it wasn't I, but Mimiq said nothing, and Uncle Haha went on shouting, and Mlle. Reine was sniffling, and I was backing to the door. Here I had come from Singapore with my kit full of presents, my pockets full of dollars—why should I kill Mimiq? Why couldn't he have swallowed the safety-pin yesterday? And why was she drunk, this Mlle. Reine, who could talk so well?

I found myself on the landing outside of the door, and it closed on me like a clap of thunder. Then, my mind cleared, I raised my voice and said distinctly to the moon, 'No, Uncle Haha, no, no, and no, I did not kill Mimiq.'

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Persons and Personages

Britain's Unknown Ruler

From the *Sunday Express*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

DID you ever throw a big fish into a pond? The big fellow disappears. He ducks down beneath a shroud of weeds and vegetation. But although he is invisible, his presence affects the whole life of the pond community. Little fishes shoal nearer the shore. Waterfowl change course halfway across the water. They turn to port or to starboard, lest they cast a shadow on the monarch below.

Well, there is a mighty big fish in our pond just now. His name is Sir Horace Wilson. He lies concealed in the ranks of the Civil Service but his judgment affects every major decision of Government policy today.

In the old days, our rulers were subject to checks and balances. From time to time they were forced to take their place on the hustings and accept the verdict of the electorate upon their activities. Or else they had to stand up in the House of Commons or the House of Lords and make a case for themselves in answer to the challenge of political opponents.

But our new ruler, Sir Horace, has no need to face the cold blasts of criticism or to march in the teeth of the storm. For civil servants, by political tradition, are immune from attack.

Sir Horace's power derives from three sources.

1. The strong respect, admiration and marked devotion which he inspires in the bosom of Prime Minister Chamberlain. The two men are intimate political associates. Sir Horace has a room next door to that of the Prime Minister. In fact, it may be called the Prime Minister's ante-room.

When you receive a letter from Sir Horace it comes on notepaper embossed with the words, 'Prime Minister' at the top. And in private conversation Sir Horace refers to the Premier as 'Neville.'

2. As economic adviser to the Government, Sir Horace is concerned with every aspect of Government policy.

In the old days each Government department was responsible for advising the Government as to the prospects of any policy concerning that department. But now all reports from the department are presented to the Government after passing through Sir Horace Wilson, who acts as a kind of filter to the flood of documents from the departments to the Government.

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3. As head of the Civil Service, Sir Horace controls the 360,000 bureaucrats who run Britain. Under the Government he has in his hands the appointment of the heads of all Government departments as they fall vacant. Men who work well with Sir Horace naturally have the best chance of promotion.

HOW did this mighty man arise? He was born in a Bournemouth backstreet, almost fifty-seven years ago. His father was a furniture dealer. His mother kept a boarding house.

Sir Horace went to the local board school, and in course of time entered the Civil Service.

He did not enter in the swell way at all. He was what is known as a Second Division man.

The Civil Service is divided into three grades of entry. The First Division, the top entry, is supposed to provide the civil servants who plan out lines of policy. To enter this grade you must pass an examination based on the syllabus of the examination for a university degree.

Second Division (Sir Horace's entry) provides the executive of the Civil Service. The examination for this grade is open to those who have reached the advanced stages of a secondary school education. It is an easy standard. Third Division provides the clerical staff.

Sir Horace had no immediate success in the Civil Service. Some people believe that during the war Mr. Lloyd George formed a high opinion of his abilities and lifted him up and on. Not so. Mr. Lloyd George declares that he has no recollection of Sir Horace.

When the Labour Government came to power, Sir Horace got his first great chance. He was given the job, by Mr. J. H. Thomas, of helping to conquer unemployment. After the cry 'We can conquer unemployment,' died down and the unemployed were still there, Sir Horace was at large. He became Economic Adviser to the Government, a post which meant very little at that time.

It was to this failure that Sir Horace owed his final success. When the Ottawa Conference was called in 1932 the British Ministers needed a civil servant as their adviser. Sir Horace, since the unemployment failure, had little to do. He was available. So he went with the British delegates.

During the Ottawa Conference he established an ascendancy over the British Ministers. They came to rely to a large extent upon his judgment in the tariff negotiations with the other Empire countries. This is the more remarkable because when Sir Horace arrived at Ottawa he knew nothing at all of tariffs. He revealed by his questions that he had not yet grasped the roots of the situation.

But by the time the conference was over, the British negotiators,

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among them Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Baldwin, placed complete faith in the advice given them by Sir Horace. Since that time he has retained the confidence of successive Premiers.

When the Duke of Windsor left the throne, Sir Horace had a great deal to do with the creation of the machinery which was called into operation to make the Abdication legal.

When Mr. Chamberlain took his airplane flights to see Hitler, Sir Horace was by his side. And, indeed, Sir Horace's counsels were considered so important last September that he made a trip to Germany himself during the crisis, unaccompanied by the Prime Minister.

HE HAS pale blue eyes and a prominent nose. When he enters a room, he is upon you before you have heard the door open. He never jokes. He seldom smiles. His conversational method is to suggest and inquire, rather than to state.

His personal advancement means little to him. When in 1937 he received the G.C.B., which is the highest reward that can be given to a civil servant, one of the most celebrated of our Dominions statesmen offered his congratulations.

Sir Horace did not say, 'Thank you.' He replied, impersonally, 'Yes, it is a very high honor.'

He has an aversion to publicity. When a reporter went to his house to see him Sir Horace was in a hammock reading a book.

He said to the reporter, 'Are you friendly toward me?' The reporter replied that he was. 'Then the friendliest thing you can do,' declared Sir Horace, 'is not to write anything about me at all.'

Sir Horace drinks an occasional glass of wine and smokes cigarettes. He attends official dinners, but entertains scarcely ever in his own home.

He does not make friends easily. Sir Warren Fisher, Sir Horace's predecessor as head of the Civil Service, had the walls of his room covered with signed photographs of men he had worked with. Sir Horace has now taken over that room, in addition to his room next to the Premier. And there is only one photograph there now. It is that of Sir Warren Fisher, which Sir Horace asked him to leave when he departed.

Sir Horace married a farmer's daughter two years older than himself. They have three children—one boy, two girls. The eldest, the son, works in a bank. The first girl helps the Red Cross. She took an honors degree at Cambridge University. The second girl sings and plays the piano at Kensington School.

He earns £3,500 a year. On week-ends he leaves London and motors to his country place in Sussex. It is a prosaic pre-war house of red brick. On a Sunday he may be seen at St. Mary's Church, Chailey. When the two girl choristers in scarlet cap and gown lead the service his voice adds

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power to theirs. During the third hymn he rises and carries round a little red bag with a silver cross to receive the collections. These duties of sidesman of Chailey are performed turn and turn about with a local shop assistant.

He sympathizes with the religious doctrines of the Oxford Group.

Sir Horace never rests. He works like a slave. He has erected for himself by his own labor and without the help of wealth or privilege a position which is unique in history. No civil servant has ever before wielded power on such a comprehensive scale as that of Sir Horace. While you may disapprove of the actions of this man, and while you may deplore the fact that so much power should be accumulated in the hands of one who is answerable to nobody except the Prime Minister, this at least can be said: if such power has to be held, it is better for a patriot to hold it.

And agree or disagree with him, like or dislike him, the sidesman of Chailey is sincerely patriotic.

— *Tribune*, London

SIR HORACE WILSON

POET AND DIPLOMAT

Translated from the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris German-Émigré Weekly

IT IS no simple undertaking to sketch, in a few strokes, a clear picture of the extremely complex and colorful personality of Jean Giraudoux, the poet and diplomat, who has just been appointed General Commissioner of the newly created French Department of Information. This department—in reality a means to disseminate French 'propaganda' but studiously avoiding that word—had been set up before the outbreak, but already under the shadow of the War. And it is one of the minor ironies that abound in a world at war that the head of this department should be the author of *War of Troy Will Not Take Place*—a play that, in 1935, satirized war propaganda.

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At the first glance Jean Giraudoux impresses you as more of a diplomat than a poet. He is slight, dark and meticulous in appearance. His eyes, behind their horn-rimmed glasses, occasionally gleam with uncanny mockery. His mouth is thin and humorous. The entire face with its skullcap of smooth, dark hair is a mask of penetrating and mordant intelligence.

The vital statistics of Giraudoux's career are quickly enumerated. He was born in 1882 in Bellac, a small town near Angoulême. He attended the École Normale Supérieure, and finished his education in Germany. Later he joined the diplomatic service. After the World War, in which he participated as an infantry sergeant and was wounded, he was appointed chief of the press department of the Foreign Ministry. Later he held various diplomatic posts which left him sufficient leisure to pursue his literary avocation. Before his appointment to the post he now holds, he was an inspector of embassies and legations.

Giraudoux started his literary career with children's books, one of the most characteristic of which was *Suzanne et le Pacifique*. André Gide hailed his *Les Provinciales*. A book that made him more widely known was *Bella*. His plays *Amphitryon 38* and *Eglantine* made his name known abroad. Lately the author has been strongly influenced by the atmosphere of the Quai d'Orsay. In his latest work, *Pleins Pouvoirs*, Giraudoux says for the first time where he stands politically, though he is no partisan. Here he also states with great emphasis—after complaining that everything nowadays is 'politics'—that the Quai-d'Orsay remains the only refuge where one can speak a few words about the framing of one's favorite Daumier, or other little pleasures of life. He compares this atmosphere with that in the trenches during the War; there, too, the political war of words was taboo.

To discuss Giraudoux's conception of Franco-German relations would go far beyond the framework of this evaluation. One would have to discuss his *Siegfried et le Limousin*, his play *Siegfried* and other dramatic works, but details do not change the picture as a whole. To him the problem of France is not so much one of foreign but of domestic policy. In his opinion, France must remain a major Power because she would be unable to fulfill her 'mission' to civilization as a secondary or minor Power. He believes that she can remain in the forefront only by following a certain constructive program. In five chapters of his *Pleins Pouvoirs* he succinctly outlines a program based on statistics and expert research. It includes the repopulation of France by raising the birth rate and controlling naturalization, intelligent urbanism, the encouragement of sports and large-scale public works that would utilize France's natural resources and her accomplished engineers.

Giraudoux is a severe critic. But he knows precisely what he wants to

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do and he will presumably use all his resources to accomplish his ends. Having lived abroad, he has a cosmopolitan outlook. He has spent many years in the United States, where he taught in Harvard. Incidentally, he has recently written a half fantastic, half symbolic novel in the best Giraudoux style (*Choix des Élues*), dealing with the adventures of a French family in California.

As a literary figure, Giraudoux is unique; his style and language are entirely his own. 'Death is so old that he is addressed in Latin,' and 'Truth wears its nakedness like a uniform,' are two of his most frequently quoted phrases. Giraudoux never polishes his work. If the first draft does not satisfy him, he puts it away and writes a second version without reference to the first. This recalls the method of painters like Leonardo da Vinci, who simply dashed off sketch after sketch until they were satisfied.

Giraudoux's facetiousness, his cerebration, his preciosity are inherent in his perspective. To him the exploration of the human soul is always the most beautiful of all adventure. He has penetrated into its most secret corners. That is the reason why all he writes rings true. Giraudoux is a romantic at heart. His last play, *Ondine* (a new interpretation of the old legend, that has been packing Parisian theatres), gives almost documentary proof of his bonds to the German romantic period. He has a sense of humor of the old 'romantic irony' variety; there are many mirrors in his work in which people and things are reflected to the point of infinity. Giraudoux has been called an impressionist: at any rate, the so-called *esprit normalien* has not become a surgeon's knife in his hand; he is never as cold and 'biological' as Aldous Huxley.

The fact that a man of his caliber was appointed to this post is an event of significance. His totalitarian colleagues will probably try to laugh it off, and many may question whether Giraudoux the poet, the man of culture, is suited for a propaganda post which is somewhat the antithesis of that which is good, true and beautiful.

—*Vendémiaire*, Paris

JEAN GIRAUDOUX

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The Latest 'Little Hitler'

By Willi Frischauer

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

WHEN you heard Gauleiter Albert Forster (now Danzig's Chief of State) shout, 'We Danzigers want to go home to the Reich,' you would have thought that he was born and bred in Danzig. He was not.

He was a young Nazi M.P. when, in 1930, he was sent to Danzig by Hitler. His task was the organization of the Danzig Nazi Party, which was then still a tiny group of unorganized radicals. He gradually succeeded in turning Danzig into a Nazi stronghold.

Who is this man of 37 years who was in the political limelight until eclipsed by the outbreak of war?

Unlike some prominent Nazi leaders, Albert Forster has never been in prison except on the day when he was born. His father was then governor of the municipal prison in Fuerth, the sister-town of Nuremberg.

The accident of his place of birth is responsible for young Forster's political career. For whom should he meet there, with whom was he to form the first intimate friendship of his life? It was Nuremberg's Julius Streicher, the Jew-baiter, editor and proprietor of the notorious anti-Semitic news-sheet, the *Stürmer*.

Forster at the time of this meeting was just out of his teens. When he lost his job as clerk in a local bank Streicher came to his help, offering him work on the advertising side of the *Stürmer*. The job did not promise much money, nor was it very interesting, and Forster found plenty of time to indulge in political activities as one of the first ardent anti-Semitic Nazis. This was ten years before Hitler came to power.

Forster is the ideal 'little Hitler.' He does not only walk like the Führer, his mannerism of speech is exactly that of Hitler. And he faithfully remembers what Hitler tells him to say.

It was not always like that. After he met Hitler for the first time in his life he confessed in an article a few years ago that 'He [Hitler] looked at me with his penetrating eyes, pressed my hand, and said a few words which I was too excited to remember.' But Hitler remembered Forster, and gave him the Danzig job. He moved into the Gauhaus, the headquarters of the Party.

Forster became a Gauleiter (or Nazi district-leader), a Reich M.P., a councillor of State, an S.S.-Group-Leader, and—most important—the owner of the *Danzig Vorposten*, the leading Nazi paper of the Free City.

The young Gauleiter was a fighter in the truest sense of the word.

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His political debut in Danzig was a pub-brawl, from which all participants went away with bloody heads.

Politically Forster is a person with little original thought. He works according to established Nazi standards. His insults against Poland were as numerous as his earlier assurances of loyalty to Poland. In 1935 he wrote in the *Völkischer Beobachter*, the official Nazi organ, that 'Danzig wanted nothing but to live within the framework of the existing treaties' and in 1937 he declared in a speech that 'Danzig knew its obligations toward Poland.'

Forster is a rich man and one of the few Nazi leaders who enjoy the undisputed confidence of Germany's heavy industries. After all, he has done a lot for them. Whenever Danzig's financial and monetary system underwent a sudden change, timely information meant enormous profits for Forster's friends and, some say, for him too.

The first time that the name of the unknown young Nazi Albert Forster leaped into the headlines was when he violently attacked Hindenburg after his election as President. But I am afraid the headlines will drop him for some time, now that his work of producing the crisis for the Second World War is done.

—*Daily Herald*, London

ALBERT FORSTER

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To what extent the British House of Commons represents the commoners.

Upper Crust *in the* Commons

By Simon Haxey

[*The conduct and the duration of the Second World War will depend in large measure on the British Parliament. The following article gives the reader some information on which to base an idea as to whose private interests, in the course of the conflict, will prevail when the M. P.'s are confronted with voting on crucial issues. That business and banking are represented in Parliament is inevitable and conceivably necessary, as well as a fact long known, but the extent of the representation, particularly in the House of Commons, of the munitions, financial and general business interests, as well as the generous representation of the peerage in the lower chamber, is scarcely realized in the United States.*—The Editors]

THE Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture of and Trade in Arms recommended in 1936 'that public officials (whether serving or retired) should not accept appointments with armaments firms except with the approval of the Minister in charge of the department in which they are serving or have served.' One reason for this recommendation was that an inducement in the form of a highly paid appointment with an armaments firm might lead to excessively favorable treatment of the particular firm by civil servants. But a civil servant is responsible to the heads of his department, who place limits on the possible scope of his favoritism. An M. P. can, however, influence the whole policy of expenditure on armaments. An M. P. can press for an increase in the Arms Estimates by which he will personally profit; he can help to prevent proper control of armament profiteers; he can affect the course of the Government's foreign policy, on which the necessity for armaments depends. The 'purchase' of civil servants by armament manufacturers may be an undesirable anomaly, but the presence of armament manufacturers themselves within the legislature is open to more serious objections from the point of view of national policy.

Among the most important Conservative M. P.'s interested in arma-

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ments today are the Right Honorable Sir John Anderson, new Home Secretary and Minister for Home Security; the Right Honorable L. S. Amery, director of Cammell Laird and Co., Ltd.; Sir Eugene Ramsden and Sir Patrick Hannon, both associated with Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd.

These are only a few examples of directors of the most important firms. The number of Conservative M. P.'s interested as directors in aircraft is at least 23; and many other M. P.'s are directors of concerns very closely interested in armaments. Many engineering firms are only dependent on armaments for a small part of their business; the total of Conservative M. P.'s interested in iron, coal, steel, and engineering interests is fifty-one.

II

The most important of the armament firms is Vickers. Sir John Anderson was on the board of directors until his elevation to the Cabinet. Many other M. P.'s have been shareholders in Vickers, as well as in its subsidiary, Vickers-Armstrong.

M. P.'s interested in Vickers were also interested in the latter's enormous interests abroad. To the Royal Commission, Vickers declared that it held 21 per cent of the capital of La Sociedad Española de Construccion Naval in Spain, engaged mainly in armament and shipbuilding work, to which Vickers-Armstrong, jointly with John Brown and Company, act as technical advisers. It also controls Placencia de las Armas, which holds 22 per cent of the capital of Experiencias Industriales S. A., a company engaged in armaments and other work. In addition, Vickers and associated companies still have a considerable share in two Japanese arms firms—25 per cent of the capital of Kabushiki Kwaisha Nihon Seikosho (Japanese steel works), engaged in manufacture of ordnance, machinery, etc., connected with the Mitsui concern, the great Japanese combine; and 20 per cent of the capital of another company, now mainly a holding company.

Another important arms firm is Birmingham Small Arms. One of its directors, Sir Eugene Ramsden, whom we have mentioned before, is a leading figure in the Conservative Party. Among past directors is Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, who was director of B. S. A. from 1919 to 1922.

The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, Conservative M. P., has been a director of Cammell Laird & Company, Ltd., since 1933. Another is Lord Rankeillour, who was Financial Secretary in the Ministry of Munitions during 1919–21. Cammell Laird & Company is a firm of shipbuilders and engineers, and is connected with Vickers through jointly owned companies.

The Chairman of Cammell Laird, the aforementioned Mr. Amery, declared in 1934 that his company was extremely grateful to the British Admiralty for its program 'which had saved them from disaster.' He is a former assistant secretary to the War Cabinet, parliamentary and financial secretary to the Admiralty, and First Lord of the Admiralty, a Cabinet post.

These are only some of the largest armaments interests represented in Parliament. There are many others. About twenty-three Tory M. P.'s are interested in aircraft production. Two examples taken at random are the firm of Alvis, Ltd., manufacturers of

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airplane engines, which also shares control of another, Alvis-Straussler, Ltd. One of its directors is Edgar Granville, a Liberal-National M. P. Petters, Ltd., manufacturers of industrial and marine oil-engines, owns half the capital in Westland Aircraft, to which the aircraft works department of Petters, Ltd., was sold in 1935. Mr. W. Craven Ellis, National M. P. for Southampton, is a director of that firm.

Vested interests in rearmament are not confined to the armaments firms, or even to the aircraft and engineering industry. Insurance companies, finance companies and investment trusts are often extensively interested in armaments.

It is, of course, quite wrong to suggest that the policy of these Conservative M. P.'s has been motivated by their personal interests. The 'motive' for rearmament is clearly to be found in the international situation. But Cæsar's wife should be impeccable, and the extensive armament interests of Government M. P.'s must make an elector view many sides of the Government's policy with suspicion. There has been, for example, a vigorous public demand for the limitation and control of private profit from armament contracts. The public may well ask whether a political party such as the Conservative group, numbering so many armament manufacturers among its M. P.'s and other leading members, is likely to tackle that question with that complete impartiality which public interest demands.

III

Apart from the munitions and arms industries, British big business is very solidly entrenched in the House of Commons with a large and powerful representation. And these representatives are more business men than politicians or, most certainly, political economists. On every side, business has baldly violated the ancient principle of justice that 'no man shall be a judge in his own cause,' a principle that nevertheless obtains with every other court and jury in the land.

The total number of directorships held in both houses of Parliament (totalling 1,494) is 775 distributed among 181 Conservatives. Moreover, most of our Conservative politicians who attain Cabinet rank have at some time been company directors. Thus Prime Minister Chamberlain is an ex-director of Birmingham Small Arms, and of Elliott's Metal Company (now a subsidiary of Imperial Chemical Industries) in which he held 23,250 Common shares in 1925.

The rule that Cabinet Ministers must resign their directorships is one attempt to apply this principle that 'no man shall be a judge in his own cause.' It is, however, little more than a concession to public opinion, for Ministers are not expected to resign directorships of private companies; they may, and often do, return immediately to their old companies on leaving the Cabinet, and they usually retain their stock whatever government position they hold. A large shareholder may be just as influential as a director.

Thus in 1926, the year of the big coal dispute, Earl Baldwin, then Prime Minister, held 194,526 common shares and 37,591 preferred shares in Baldwin's Ltd., owning extensive collieries. The accusation that he was acting as judge in his own

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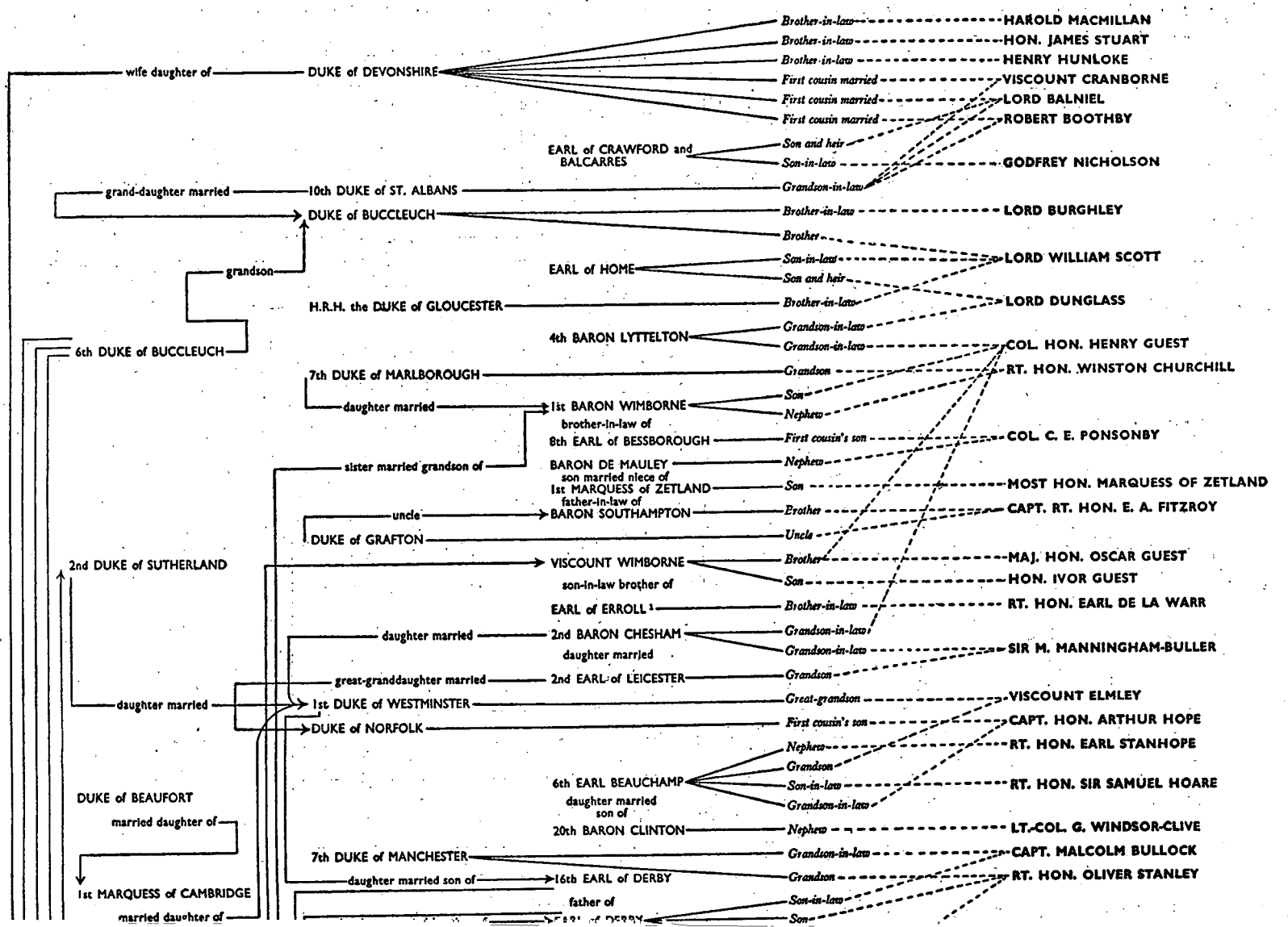
Cousinhood in Commons



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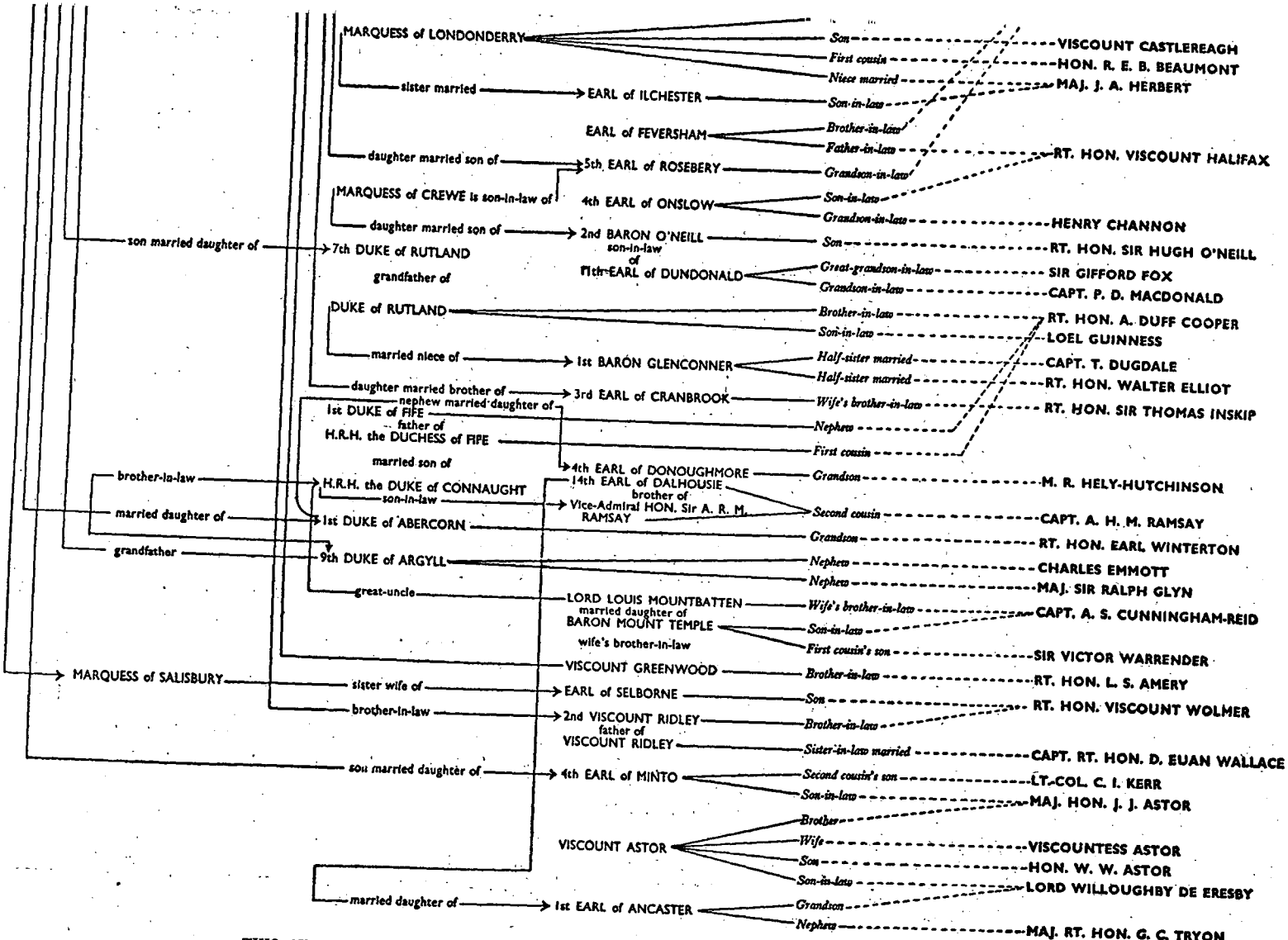

THIS CHART SHOWS THE PREPONDERANCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY, OR OF MEMBERS MARRIED TO THE ARISTOCRACY, IN THE BRITISH LOWER CHAMBER

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cause is just as patent as if he had been a director of Baldwin's.

Viscount Runciman was a director of the Westminster Bank from 1924 to 1931. On becoming a Cabinet member in 1931, he resigned his directorships. In 1937 Viscount Runciman was elevated to the peerage. He again became director of the Westminster Bank, but again resigned on entering the Cabinet in 1938. He was also director of the London Midland & Scottish Railway (1929–31 and 1937–38), director of a number of shipping companies, and he has been president of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom.

In the world of big finance, the insurance companies play a part as important as that of the banks, possessing as they do direct and often absolute control over big sections of industry. They have immense funds to invest, derived both from their past speculations in stocks and shares and from their actual insurance business. They, too, are the Government's creditors, holding £350,000,000 worth of Government bonds. Now, of the ninety peers created by the National Government since 1931, no less than thirty-five are directors of insurance companies. There are no less than forty-three Government M. P.'s on the national or local boards of thirty-two insurance companies.

It is thus seen that a considerable part of the Government parties in the House is drawn from a class of society preoccupied with property and the employment of labor. A particular individual may not allow this to influence him in his public capacity, but the fact that nearly half our Conservative M. P.'s are actively engaged in private life in the pursuit of profits for their undertakings, while many more are indirectly concerned in industry, must clearly have a decisive effect upon the general policy of the party. The great majority of Conservative M. P.'s have at least one common interest in private life, for they all desire the Government to facilitate the pursuit of profit. Whether his own business is lending money at a profit or manufacturing goods at a profit, dividends are the business man's measure of success. The fact that the Conservative Party in Parliament has so large a proportion of business men cannot fail to effect its tone and outlook. It is also interesting to note that few important industries are without directors in the House of Commons, showing the extent to which the Conservative Party is dominated by this section of society.

IV

That the House of Commons, designed in principle for the commoner, should have a substantial representation on its benches of the British aristocracy might appear more ironical to the public than it does, probably because of the electors' apathy. But consider the picture. Unless occupied in more important pursuits, on the Government's benches when the Commons is in session may be found men with such aristocratic antecedents as Earl Winterton, the Marquess of Titchfield, Marquess of Clydesdale, Viscount Cranborne, Viscount Castlereagh, Viscount Wolmer, Lord Balniel, Lord Burghley, Lord Apsley, Lord C. Crichton-Stuart, Lord Dunglass, Lord William Scott and Lord Willoughby de Eresby. These are not the names of commoners and yet they are members of our House of Commons. They are all Conservative M. P.'s and they are

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only a few of the titled persons among our present Government majority. A multitude of baronets, knights and honorables crowd the Government benches. Many others who carry no titles are members of aristocratic families.

It is the general opinion that the aristocracy plays little part in modern politics, but this is an illusion. The political influence of the aristocracy is not confined to the House of Lords. Aristocrats sit in the House of Commons and the Cabinet. In the Cabinet there are a marquess, three earls, two viscounts, a baron, and a baronet. [*The alignment of the Cabinet has since been somewhat modified.*—Ed.]

What relevance have these titles to the serious problems with which we are confronted? Many of the most important positions in the State are held by aristocrats. Are these aristocrats the best defenders of our democratic constitution? Only the Conservative Party enables these titled persons to hold positions of such power and influence. The Conservative Party prefers members of the House of Lords to all the 415 Conservative supporters in the House of Commons, as Foreign Secretary, to guide our democratic country through the perils of the present international situation; as Minister of Education, to inspire the instruction of our children in elementary and secondary schools; and as Secretary of State for India, to insure the smooth working of the new Indian constitution.

The British aristocracy originated in the days of feudalism. Feudalism meant essentially 'rule by the owners of land,' and titles were a symbol of the political and economic power of the landowning class. The possession of a noble title was founded on the possession of land. Often the land was given directly by the King; sometimes it was seized in civil strife. But however the land had been obtained, the English peerage was the big landowning class.

The House of Commons even in the nineteenth century continued to be nakedly and unashamedly dominated by a small band of titled and noble gentlemen, the great majority of whom were closely related. The imposition of Parliamentary democracy disturbed them but little in their secure seats at the head of the State. As the idea of democracy became more and more the central theme of the British constitution, as more and more democratic rights were won by the people, as new democratic parties grew up directly representing the people, we might expect to find the aristocracy removed from the control of our body politic.

But what are the facts today? The answer is so complex that we provide a large chart to illustrate it, a chart which shows, in the simplest way we can devise, the connections of some of our Government M. P.'s with the British aristocracy. [pp. 156–157]

V

The House of Commons is, in theory, what its name implies, a house representing the commonalty—the people of the country. Let us examine these 'commoners' in detail:

First, as to the actual facts illustrated by the chart, which we have called 'The Cousinhood in the House of Commons.' It shows fifty-three Government members of Parliament related to members of the peerage.

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The peers mentioned on the chart are largely an arbitrary selection.

It is, however, enough to show how a large part of our leading Conservatives really belong to one great family. We have called these aristocratic members of our House of Commons the 'Cousinhood.' Most of the M. P.'s in the 'Cousinhood' can claim a whole series of their fellow members as relations. Half the leaders of the Conservative Party have 'cousins' on the back benches. Some one hundred and forty-five Conservative M. P.'s could be linked in a continuous chain of family relationship. The families of the 'Cousinhood' are half our governing class.

Some of the M. P.'s included in the 'Cousinhood' are not themselves of aristocratic birth, but have married into the aristocracy. The House of Commons is one of the main recruiting-grounds for the peerage. Marriage with an aristocrat often precedes a title, and not infrequently precedes a successful political career.

Some of the other M. P.'s in the 'Cousinhood' hold important sub-Cabinet posts. Captain Fitzroy, for example, is Speaker of the House of Commons. The Hon. W. W. Astor is Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Home Office; Lord Dunglass is Parliamentary Private Secretary (unpaid) to the Treasury; Major Tryon is Postmaster-General with the Hon. R. E. B. Beaumont as his Parliamentary Private Secretary; Mr. Henry Channon is Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Under Secretary to the Foreign Office; Captain T. Dugdale, the Hon. James Stuart and Lt.-Col. C. I. Kerr are Lords Commissioners to the Treasury, and assistant Government whips; Captain D. Euan Wallace is Financial Secretary to the Treasury; and the Hon. Somerset Maxwell is also Parliamentary Private Secretary (unpaid) to the Financial Secretary to the War Office.

During the struggle which inevitably occurred between interests in one sort of property and interests in another, some noble families remained obstinately on the wrong side of the fence. These families have tended to lose their positions in the governing class and to be replaced by new commoners. But a majority of the British aristocracy have survived any such struggle by attaching themselves to, and identifying themselves with, the winning side. Indeed, our aristocracy have always shown an extraordinary astuteness in economic matters, and are remarkably long-sighted whenever it is a question of the retention of their leadership. This main body of aristocratic survivors is now closely connected with the leadership of industry. This leadership may still in some cases be based on land. The Industrial Revolution, for example, caused a dramatic increase in the value of sites in or near towns or containing coal-seams. The remarkable successes in land speculation achieved by the aristocracy were also a result of the growth of industry.

Every democrat must learn to recognize in a title the antithesis of the democratic system for which he stands. He must regard with the utmost suspicion the intentions and the spoken or written word of titled aristocrats. In an age when democracy is fighting for supremacy throughout the world, a few of the most upright and courageous have always been on the side of the people; but the great majority of aristocrats in every country are on the side of autocracy and Fascism today.

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What Great Britain has done since Munich to strengthen the home front; a novel, ingenious scheme for keeping the skies free from enemy bombers

Air-Raid Reports

I. Shock Troops for Defense

From *John Bull*, London Topical Weekly

FOR a moment, I could have believed myself to be in one of those back areas just behind the front line in France.

Trenches zigzagged across a field of rank and burned grass. Everywhere, heaps of tumbled earth and mounds of sand and clay revealed the presence of dug-outs, which, with their concrete roofs placed just above ground level, looked uncommonly like machine-gun posts. Here and there, a portion of a wall stood up alone, as if the rest of the building had been blasted away.

In the distance, a group of steel-helmeted men, with goggles slung round their necks and military overalls thrust into their gum boots, were hurrying in and out of a building which was buttressed with sandbags.

Over all hung an acrid pall of smoke. The air was full of it, and of that strange odor which all old soldiers will remember—the mingled smells of burned gunpowder, disinfectant, kerosene and wet sacking.

There was, indeed, a 'war zone' atmosphere about the whole place. In the grim garb and purposeful attitudes of the group of men I was approaching; in the gutted interior of a house which I passed on the way.

In one corner of this ruin was a charred sofa. Smashed and burned furniture lay about in heaps, a picture hung askew on the smoke-blackened walls.

So complete was the illusion that it was strange to look up and see beyond the trees the unscarred roofs of comfortable suburban houses, and to hear the sound of children laughing and shouting in some hidden distance.

It was, in fact, a suburb, the very snug and secure district of Didsbury, near Manchester. This bit of the West-

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ern Front I was now crossing was once the garden of one of its comfortable middle-class homes.

But today the place itself, house and grounds, is one of the new A.R.P. 'universities.' And this one—to give its full title—was the Home Office N.W. Regional A.R.P. School for Incendiary Bombs and High Explosives.

The house looks like one of those ideal places for bringing up a large family. But its job now—and the job of the men who live in it—is to perfect methods of saving thousands of other homes against the worst effects of aerial warfare.

Its nursery, kitchens, living rooms and bedrooms are now classrooms, test laboratories and changing rooms for the ever-flowing stream of 'I.B.' and 'H.E.' students. Its garden is a practical training ground, complete with the most realistic conditions for the protective handling of the most fearsome of all weapons.

II

Since incendiary bombs and high explosives are the most likely devices to be used by an enemy, specialized knowledge about defense measures against these weapons is now required —something over and above the sketchy information given in A.R.P. handbooks.

The men selected for the courses at these new schools are 'handpicked.' Entrance is confined to those who have passed through the Civilian Anti-Gas School at Falfield, and so are entitled to the C.A.G.S. certificate, the highest 'degree' in A.R.P. work.

Up to now there are about 5,000 of these men. Their job eventually is to teach local instructors, who in turn train the nation's 1,500,000 A.R.P. volunteers in anti-gas measures.

The course is so intensive and severe that all applicants have to be absolutely physically fit. Each man has to bring a medical certificate to this effect. And the certificate must not be more than three days old, otherwise the student is turned away. There are definite age limits. No man over the age of fifty-five is accepted. As a matter of fact, the average age of the men is nearer thirty than fifty.

But another standard applies besides mere physical fitness and a 'degree' from Falfield. Students must have the rare capacity of imparting knowledge and instilling confidence into their fellow men. They must be at once teachers and leaders. And although all (excepting police officer students) are civilians, the aim is to get a type somewhere between the good non-commissioned officer and the company commander.

On the day I arrived at the Didsbury school, the 'high spot' of the week's training course was scheduled to begin.

Four men were to handle a blazing room in which a real incendiary bomb had been ignited. They were to go within a foot or so of the cascading molten metal from the bomb, and within the confined space of the room and its furniture they were to extinguish the entire blaze in six minutes.

These men do not wear asbestos suits and they do not carry sand buckets and shovels. Their only mechanical aid is a new device called a stirrup pump, a sort of glorified tire-pump which sends water along a hose line and through a variable nozzle. Beyond that they have only their

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knowledge and training and coolness.

To end a bad incendiary bomb fire at such short notice and with such simple measures sounded to me like an unbelievably impossible task.

But Inspector Richardson, the instructor in charge of the course, showed me how it was done.

III

The building selected for the 'outbreak' was the sandbagged brick structure, called 'Guy Fawkes Villa,' around which men had been working when I entered the school grounds.

The inspector took me inside.

In one corner of the room was lying a wicked-looking cylinder painted red and about 10 inches long. This, he explained, was a real 2½-pound incendiary bomb. Airplanes can carry about 1,000 of them.

They are heavy enough to break through roof tiles and come to rest on an attic floor. There they ignite. The thermit inside the bomb generates a heat of more than 2,000 degrees Centigrade in a few seconds. The magnesium casing of the bomb melts and throws molten metal as much as 20 feet. The bomb blazes for 15 minutes, long enough to burn through an attic floor and start a serious conflagration.

Although less than 10 per cent of them would strike houses in an air raid, the problem is to deal with them quickly before the fires spread to hundreds of other houses.

To make the task of the students more difficult, and to make a more swift and serious fire than they would have to cope with even under real war conditions, all the junk-shop furniture in the room was drenched in paraffin. Crates stood about, filled with shavings and smoke-producing material.

The test trial began. We fitted on steel helmets and goggles (to protect the eyes against the incandescent glare of the bomb).

Stop-watch in hand, Inspector Richardson stood in the center of the room. The two students who were afterwards to enter the blazing room stood by petrol-soaked newspaper.

At a given moment the inspector knelt down and lit the fuse of the bomb, while the paper torches were thrust into the shavings.

Flames leaped up, there was a spitting hiss from the bomb and then: 'All out!' he shouted.

We hurled ourselves out into the passage way and slammed the door after us. Crouching in this corridor, I looked through an armored-glass window, the inspector with his stop-watch beside me.

The bomb in a corner was already a blinding white glare. I could hear the terrifying roar of its burning even through the thick glass window, and it was throwing off showers of huge sparks like a mad rocket. The furniture was ablaze and the room packed with thick smoke.

'We give the first two minutes to allow it to get a complete hold,' said the inspector.

One minute went by. 'Pump men stand by,' he shouted above the roar of the flames.

Another thirty seconds. 'Stand by,' he said to the two men crouched in the corridor by the closed door.

'Hoses ready, hatchets out.'

Two minutes. And then: 'In you go,' he shouted.

The two men leaped at the door. The latch seemed to be jammed.

'Break it down,' he ordered.

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But the door opened, searing flame and volumes of smoke poured through.

'Surely,' I thought, 'no man can get into that inferno!'

But they did. They went on all fours, almost flat.

'Keep your heads down,' I could hear the instructor shouting above the din of crackling wood and the roar of the flaming bomb. 'Keep down and you can breathe. Hose that table and couch. Work toward the bomb!'

One man was nearly through and directing his hose toward the blazing terror in the corner. A few feet away from it. . . . But, 'No—the spray, *not* the jet on the bomb,' I could hear Richardson calling urgently. 'The spray, the spray!'

It was a medley of noise and shouted orders, but it was an orderly confusion. Gradually the flames were dying down into steam and smoke.

The bomb had two hoses on it now, the men's thumbs working the nozzle buttons which convert the water jets into a spray. A jet apparently 'livens' up the bomb and blows its flaming particles in all directions.

Soon it was a small heap, but still glowing white and hissing viciously. And then it died under the concentrated spray. The last bursts of flame were quenched in other parts of the room leaving only sodden, charred furniture—and it was all over.

'Five minutes, twenty seconds,' said the inspector glancing at his stop-watch. 'Not bad.'

That five minutes had seemed more like five hours to me!

IV

But there was yet another check-up to the test. We went outside and he read off the amount of water used. Six gallons! Five minutes' work and six gallons of water to put out an incendiary bomb which had got well alight is a pretty remarkable achievement. But all these students have to do it—or a similar feat—before they pass the course.

The reason for the water check is typical of the efficiency and foresight which marks the training at these new schools.

Under actual war conditions there may not be an unlimited supply of water. Mains, for example, may have burst; or the fire fighters may not have time to reach hydrants and must put up with domestic supplies.

These demonstrations have shown that with the stirrup pump, which throws a narrow jet about 30 feet, a bath or bucket supply of water, and a simple knowledge of the right technique, there is nothing to fear from an incendiary bomb.

The keynote of the training at these A.R.P. universities is the instilling of confidence. For example, the first demonstrations of actual incendiary bomb explosions take place in an open-fronted shed so that the students can see how to deal with it, before they face the ordeal of a blazing indoor room. The same applies to high explosives.

One other simple example of the 'confidence-instilling' angle of these new A.R.P. schools' training: In the grounds is a wall of boards about 14 feet high, surmounted by a platform. The instructor explained: 'The platform represents the first-floor window of a house. A man standing on it is about 20 feet up, and from there to the ground seems a terrifying drop.

'But we show how easy it is to es-

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cape, say, from a burning room at this height by lowering oneself from the sill and dropping to the ground.'

I saw a line of students following each other up to this platform and getting themselves used to these 'jump drops,' taking turns in lowering a 'casualty' single-handed, using just a length of rope, with their foot and the sill edge for 'braking effect.'

These A.R.P. universities are not 'pencil and notebook' institutions. And it says a lot for the quality of the available man-power of the country that the regional schools have already got long waiting lists.

It says something, too, for the A.R.P. authorities that, after much delay and muddle about tuition facilities, they have at last got down to business.

A grim business maybe—but necessary and practical if we are to be adequately prepared.

II. Mines Bursting in the Air

By Major H. J. Muir

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

Mr. H. G. Wells wrote in a recent issue of the *News Chronicle* that 'Air warfare can be eliminated almost completely.' He went on to describe how this might be accomplished by the use of air mines, and continued: 'The fact remains that it is possible to cancel out the air.' By this he means that the air can, when occasion demands, be made practically impossible for all aircraft.

There can be no more urgent problem before mankind today than to find a means of curbing the power of aircraft. Mr. Wells' article raised such hopes that people everywhere seem to believe that aerial mines are about to be employed and that the world will presently be released from the torture of apprehension it now endures.

The facts are so otherwise that it is my duty to explain them. As the inventor of the scheme, I may be accused at the outset of personal interest. Let me hasten to say that, in a letter written in the beginning of the year and addressed to the Minister for Coördination of Defense, I offered to permit any Government Department to make use of my invention (which is patented) without consideration whatsoever of my financial interest. This offer was rejected.

Absolute conviction, backed from time to time by the endorsement and encouragement of eminent scientists and of senior officers of the Royal Air Force and Navy, has impelled me, during the last two years, to persist against a solid wall of official opposition and apathy, until now I have reached the stage where public opinion is demanding full knowledge of the scheme so that it may judge its value.

What, then, are aerial mines? They consist of nothing more than hydrogen-filled balloons, such as are in daily use by meteorological stations, supporting small bombs on a length of fine wire and set adrift on the wind at all altitudes.

What is the cost of each aerial mine? Five shillings (or even less). The Air Ministry will not permit any tests but

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enough is known to enable eminent authorities to state that a very small explosion against an airplane in flight will permit terrific wind currents to enter the damaged surface and complete its destruction. Airplanes, for all their deadly power, are relatively fragile and very delicately balanced structures. An explosion which would do negligible damage to a house would be fatal to an airplane flying at two hundred miles per hour. Therefore, for technical reasons concerned with manufacture and lifting power of suitable balloons, a bomb containing three or four ounces of high explosive is considered adequate. The estimated figure of five shillings includes balloon, hydrogen, bomb, explosive, wire and attachments, and a combined detonator and time fuse—the last consisting of a device by which the bombs are exploded either by impact with aircraft or are self-destroying after a required period in the air, say from one to twenty-four hours.

The bombs, being of light metal only, do not scatter dangerous splinters like anti-aircraft shells. The balloons, when released from weight of bombs, rise to great altitudes where they eventually burst. All that comes to earth is fragments of light metal, no more harmful than falling leaves, and finally a deflated balloon, weighing a couple of ounces, and an ounce or so of fine wire.

Two men, almost without training, can fill and liberate two mines per minute. Therefore 4,000 men can release 120,000 in half an hour. The speed at which the mines rise will vary with degree of inflation of balloons. They can reach 30,000 feet in thirty minutes. They can be regulated to remain at approximately the height required. In a strong wind, their rate of rise is not impeded, only the angle. Obviously they must be released far enough to windward of all obstacles. The angle of ascent can be easily calculated.

II

Is much skill required in the charging and release of aerial mines? Very little indeed. Naturally care must be taken in the handling of bombs, and while inserting the detonators at the moment of release. Any troops of average intelligence can be employed, with a minimum of instruction.

To defend London, for example, from attacks from Europe in an easterly wind it would probably be necessary to release mines from our East coast in continuous succession for many hours or even days. But the cost even then would be less than that of anti-aircraft guns, searchlights, interceptor planes with all the highly trained personnel involved, to say nothing of the risk to lives. It must be remembered that the prevailing winds in Western Europe are westerly. Moreover, the most essential point to realize is that in coöperation with other nations all over Europe it would be possible to take advantage of every direction of wind and so maintain a continuous stream of mines floating low over the territory of almost any nation that threatened war and prevent that nation's aircraft from leaving the ground. Mines at five thousand feet high, or less, would be sufficient for such a purpose. Aerial mines may also be liberated from ships at sea, either in their own defense, or of convoys or coastal areas.

In view of the fact that aerial mines are quite uncontrollable, will not sud-

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den shifts of wind cause them to endanger friendly aircraft? Yes. It is for that reason that their ultimate, and perhaps immediate, effect will be to eliminate aerial warfare, as Mr. Wells says. On the other hand, meteorological services can now accurately forecast the strength and direction of wind for twelve hours.

Doubt about the numbers of mines necessary in a given area seems to be the gravest objection to the scheme. The sky is large. If aerial mines are to cover all areas up to 30,000 feet wouldn't it seem that millions must be used every day? To establish an impassable barrage, yes. But a 100 per cent effectiveness is not at all necessary. The mines would be unevenly spaced and invisible until the plane is right among them. The very promiscuity of their incidence would constitute their greatest deterrent effect.

Nevertheless, it is certain that the law of averages will compel the use of enormous numbers of aerial mines to insure a certain percentage of casualties to attackers. But the law of averages does not rule human courage. Flying in wartime is already so dangerous and complicated that it is difficult for any nation to find enough competent airmen. Combat with other planes or the avoidance of anti-aircraft fire is a matter of personal skill, and therefore not unattractive to brave men. Possible collision with silent and invisible obstructions at any altitude, in any area and in unknown numbers is a risk that the bravest airmen will scarcely face.

If, then, aerial mines are as effective as claimed, why have not the defense authorities adopted them? The Air Ministry alone has power to decide on such a matter apparently. During the last two years full details have been put before all the defense authorities and several Ministers in person. Each in turn has resubmitted it to the Air Ministry, whose invariable reply is that it is 'of no practical utility to the Royal Air Force.' The vital question is not at all of utility to the Royal Air Force, but whether it is of use to the vast majority of people everywhere in the world. Must we all continue to live in fear of a few upstart adventurers who use 'the blackmailing power of air bombing' as ruthlessly as any gunman? Or shall the world of decent people demand control of the skies above them, and, by using the only means yet discovered, *reconquer the air?*

Aerial mines can be in full production within very few weeks. A demonstration can be made, without harm to anyone, in an even shorter time. All that is necessary, is for people of all nations to declare the sky belongs to them, not to gangsters and air forces.

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A dictator forgets his debt to a mentor whose precepts have ruled his life.

Mussolini Bans Machiavelli

By J. B. Firth

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London
Independent Conservative Daily

In A list of authors, ancient and modern, recently placed on the Fascist Index of books which Roman librarians must not circulate appears the name of Machiavelli.

In the same category are Boccaccio and Balzac, Voltaire and Rabelais, Casanova and George Sand, Edgar Wallace, H. G. Wells and Edgar Allan Poe—a goodly company of sinners, but mixed. Of whatever sins they may be guilty, their offenses are not those of the Florentine. Yet the same sentence falls on all, as being 'unsuited to the Fascist Spirit.'

Possibly some of these have been put in as cover for Machiavelli: it is his inclusion which makes one stare. For was not the Fascist State founded on the principles of Machiavelli's masterpiece, *The Prince?*

Mussolini at one time handsomely acknowledged his debt to the model of all private secretaries. If of late years those acknowledgments have ceased, it is probably because the Duce has persuaded himself that Messer Niccolo's maxims were his own. *Pereat qui ante nos nostra dixit* (Be damned to him who has anticipated our best sayings).

If Benito Mussolini did not learn statecraft at his mother's knee, we have it on the authority of an early biographer, Margherita G. Sarfatti, that when he lived with his father, and the final glass of Chianti had been served to the last lingering customer, the day's work was done, 'and the doors locked and the windows bolted, father and son would sit by the kitchen fireplace, with the lighted lamp upon the table, while first one, then the other, read aloud from a book. What book? No other than the famous work of Messer Niccolo Machiavelli.' And now it is banned.

It may be objected that the Duce is not responsible for the enthusiast's 'blurb.' But when he wrote the preface for this book, in 1925, he said: 'This book pleases me because it presents me with a sense of the proportions as regards time, space and events and without extravagance.' A whole chapter is devoted to 'Mussolini and

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Machiavelli.' The relationship of disciple and teacher has never been disowned till now.

In 1924 the University of Bologna offered the Fascist leader its honorary doctorate. He preferred, however, to earn the distinction by submitting a thesis, and selected for his theme 'Machiavelli and *The Prince*.' What determined his choice was that the Black Legion of Imola had just presented him with a sword engraved with Machiavelli's motto, '*Con le parole non si mantengono li Stati*' (States are not maintained by words). Mussolini accepted the omen and lauded *The Prince* as 'the statesman's *vade-mecum*.'

'I have wished,' he said in his thesis,

> to place the fewest possible intermediaries, Italian or foreign, between Machiavelli and myself, so as not to spoil the direct contact between his doctrine and my life as I have lived it, between his observations and mine of men and things, between his method of government and mine. What I have the honor to read to you, therefore, is no frigid scholastic dissertation: it is rather in the nature of a dramatic piece, if, as I believe, we may regard as dramatic the attempt to throw a spiritual bridge across the abyss of the generations and of the world's events.

Could there be a more direct declaration of political faith, a more emphatic avowal of his source of inspiration, a more unequivocal pointer to those in search of Mussolini's springs of action, methods of diplomacy and rules of conduct that they would find what they sought in *The Prince?*

Mussolini picked out the passages from *The Prince* in which Machiavelli expressed his low opinion of mankind, and said that his own opinion was inclined to be even lower. But here is Machiavelli:—

> Our experience has been that those Princes who have done great things have held good faith of little account and have known how to circumvent the intellect of men by craft, and in the end have overcome those who relied on their word.

There is no need to quote further either from the master or from the disciple. No king, emperor, dictator or demagogue has ever more strictly observed the Machiavellian rules of statecraft than has the Duce in his dealings with the Western democracies, with the Negus, with the League of Nations, with Dollfuss, von Schuschnigg and perhaps eventually—who knows?—with Hitler. What his relations with his brother dictator—and brother Machiavellian—on the other side of the Brenner Pass have been in the last three years we have only seen as yet in a glass darkly. Why then this sudden *volte face* and unlooked-for repudiation of the master? Is the Axis not turning quite so well? Has the other fellow got the safer and less slippery seat?

The Florentine does not change. For four centuries the ambitious, the crafty and the ruthless have pored over his printed page; they have done him homage while their schemes prospered and cursed him and his maxims when their dreams were shattered. Can it be that the Duce is not quite so sure that the Machiavellian cross-keys of Force and Fraud are the master-keys of political science? Or does he think that *The Prince*, while an indispensable *vade-mecum* for statesmen, is a dangerous text-book for the rank-

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and-file? The Fascist censors would never have banned Machiavelli without first making sure of the approval of their chief.

Censors are notoriously subject to caprice. Just consider some of the other authors whom they seek to banish from the upper light. Poor Boccaccio, for example! The friend of Petrarch, self-dedicated to poesy from his first visit to Virgil's grave, the father of Italian prose, who beguiled with his love stories the fears of fair ladies who lived in dread lest the plague should invade their scented gardens—why should the censor's ban fall on him after nearly six hundred years? Why has the *Decameron* suddenly become *contra bonos mores* and unpleasing for a Fascist ear?

The ban on that shameless amorist and nimble adventurer, Casanova, who lived dangerously in half the capitals of Europe, spied for the Inquisition at Venice, and ended his days as a librarian in a Bohemian chateau, is perhaps more defensible, but if shamelessness is his passport to the Index, why burn incense at the altar of D'Annunzio?

'My heart is a cemetery,' said George Sand, who is also to bear Casanova company in exile. 'Say rather a necropolis,' retorted one of the legion of her discarded lovers—but neither de Musset nor Chopin. How describe Balzac's heart—or should one say brain—which had room for the whole Human Comedy? He, too, must circulate no more in Rome, by order of grave censors who have robbed the small Fascist *balilla* of Nick Carter and Buffalo Bill, and will no longer allow Poe's tales of horror to curdle the blood of their seniors.

On the other hand, Mr. Wells will hardly be surprised at his excommunication. He believes that all dictators will come, sooner or later, to a brittle end, and in his last book he compounds for all previous minor offenses by finding something actually likeable about the Duce, 'for, as the schoolboys say, he is "a bit of an ass."'

The Italian censors give no reasons. In that respect they are wiser than their German colleagues, who in 1934 banned Sherlock Holmes as 'foreign dirt and trash, corrupting the German youth to ideas of violence and spoiling the beauty of our mother-tongue.'

I suppose the hierarchs of almost any established institution would, but for fear of ridicule, itch to ban Voltaire as a subversive fellow, breathing the very spirit of free-thought which totalitarians loathe. Yet what actual circulation does Voltaire enjoy anywhere in these days? Very little, I should fancy. That does not mean that he is dead. On the contrary, he has influenced, consciously or unconsciously, every writer since his day.

Voltaire can afford to smile his polished, ironical smile at all censors. Rabelais, in his ruder and coarser way, will greet the ban with *un rire immense*. It would never surprise me if the Fascists derived their castor-oil treatment of political opponents from some obscure page of Pantagruel and did not wish the plagiarism to be discovered.

These are humorless specimens of the censor's art. But the ban on Machiavelli is a far more serious and intriguing matter. Is the Duce a Daniel come to judgment or a sinner come to repentance? Or is he a reed shaken by the rising wind?

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Italy's feet of clay; Mongolia, the Far Eastern foster-child of the Soviets; Japanese rights in Asia; a canal reaching from Bordeaux to Narbonne.

Around the Globe

I. Achilles' Heel of the Axis

By N. F.

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly

FINANCIALLY, Italy is in no position to prosecute a war, either on her own account or on behalf of Germany. Apart from tactical considerations which appear urgently to recommend continued neutrality for the Peninsula (thus thwarting an Anglo-French thrust at the Reich by way of Italy), the nation's increasingly adverse economic position could not for long endure the strain of war. Thus, her participation now with Germany in repulsing the British and French seems most unlikely.

Consider a few figures. The economic and financial situation of Italy has deteriorated considerably during the past months. Since the beginning of this year, the number of bankruptcies has risen from 2,255 to 2,946, in other words by 30.6 per cent compared to last year. The number of unmet promissory notes has risen from 231,196 to 329,336, or more than 42 per cent. Such examples reflect the present recession, the most important causes of which are the compulsory program of economic 'self sufficiency' and the results of the Axis link with Germany. The economic and financial disadvantages of the latter as far as Italy is concerned are becoming more and more apparent.

Close political collaboration with Germany and the racial policies which Italy has practised for the past year have greatly impaired foreign tourist trade in Italy. The index figure given in May by the *Unione Commerciante* in Milan was 33.25 per cent—average is 100 per cent. Those who know the rôle the tourist trade plays in Italian economy will also realize what this decline in income means—an income from which the entire population more or less profited. Pre-war developments

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last summer in the South Tyrol, which tourists frequented, and the offensive treatment of foreigners living there have not helped to revive this business.

Although the Italian armament industries are comparatively well off, and employment in the iron and steel industries has risen steadily, the opposite is true in the silk, cotton and spinning industries, and in more or less all by-product lines not supplying war materials. Unemployment figures are no longer published in Italy, but the number of workers employed in public works (somewhat similar to the WPA here) has increased.

II

The Italian Government is greatly concerned about the complete collapse, since the Ethiopian War and the Spanish and Albanian adventures, of efforts to balance the budget. The Ethiopian War alone cost 40 billion lire, which appeared as 'extraordinary expenditures' in the 1935–1938 budgets, and which the State so far has been unable to meet. According to statements of Finance Minister Thaon di Revel, the deficit of the past four years amounts to more than 50 billion lire [approximately 2.57 billion dollars]. State expenditures which before the Ethiopian War and the founding of the Italian colonial 'empire' amounted to approximately 20 billion lire annually, now amount to more than 30 billion lire. It is a mystery how the Government intends to balance its budget, even though Riccardo Gualino, who is still remembered for his daring financial experiments, and who was involved in the Oustric scandal and exiled to the Lipari Islands, has again become one of the most influential financial advisers of the Government. But it is difficult to see how the Government can get out of its present difficulties without putting more money into circulation, and thus creating inflation. The present circulation of 22,800,000,000 lire is already of a definitely inflationary character.

A particularly critical situation, mere mention of which is taboo in Italy today, has been created by the clearing arrangement with Germany, which lately has functioned very badly. Italian purveyors who have delivered goods to Germany must wait for their money for indeterminably long periods. These clearing arrangements have resulted in a balance of trade unfavorable to Italy to the amount of 400 million lire. In its monthly reports, the Italian foreign exchange office earmarks this amount as being *in sospeso per mancanza di disponibilita*, which means that payment to the Italian purveyors has been temporarily suspended because of lack of means. That is how the Axis functions in reality, and it is not difficult to understand why the Italians have lost their enthusiasm over the partnership with Germany.

At present nobody in Italy wants to do business with Germany. Italian exports to Germany have greatly declined in the first five months of this year, while during the same period exports to Great Britain, France and Switzerland have increased considerably. And even though Greater Germany is still Italy's biggest customer, the Italians find it much more satisfactory to do business with other countries who pay promptly. Considered as customers, the democratic countries are at a decided advantage—the more so since Italy's food supply,

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and particularly the supply of grain and meat, has been scarce during the past year; Italy has been forced to import considerable quantities from abroad. The shortage of grain has forced her to import 178,185 tons of grain, totalling 140 million lire, during the first five months of this year, compared with only 52,498 tons, totalling 47 million lire, for the same period in 1938. Thus these imports have more than tripled.

The Italian Government is now calling for the limitation of bread consumption. Even as long ago as July 27, the *Popolo d'Italia*, an Italian Government organ, wrote that 'The Government demands an increased sense of responsibility. The population must guard against the slightest waste of bread and wheat, which might lead to the most severe consequences for the country's economy, especially in the present situation.' The meat situation is not much different; in 1935 there was one butcher to every 957 inhabitants. Today there is only one butcher to every 1,248 inhabitants. The meager annual consumption of thirty-four kilograms of meat per head of the population in Milan, the richest and most highly developed Italian city, shows how the meat supply has declined.

To avoid drawing the wrong conclusions, one should consider the fact that meat consumption in Italy has always been relatively small because of the climate and various other reasons. Yet at present it has declined to such an extent that it does not suffice for the most modest requirements. One may say without exaggeration, that Italy is in a critical situation in regard to her food supply, and that the policy of autarchy and close collaboration with Germany has obviously failed in one of its most important fields.

It is also obvious that one cannot start a war with an undernourished population and without a large store of food. The fundamental mistakes of this economy of self-sufficiency and the disadvantages of Italy's dependence on Germany, within the Axis policy, have become more apparent from one month to the other. In 1936, the effort to establish economic blockade of Italy by means of sanctions failed because of insufficient coördination. But today Italy is more vulnerable. Her financial and economic reverses make her the Achilles' heel of the Axis.

II. Soviets' Satellite

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

THE reports of serious fighting along the remote frontier of Manchukuo and Mongolia have focused attention on the inaccessible land of the Mongolian Republic. For the past fifteen years the world has been allowed to learn little of a country that has changed from feudalism to a strange mixture of capitalism and State Socialism.

Much of the mystery surrounding developments in Outer Mongolia has been deliberately fostered by the Russians, for it has suited Soviet polit-

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ical and military quarters to be able to carry on their task of 'assisting' the backward Mongols without having to be concerned with the prying eyes of other foreign nationals. Therefore Outer Mongolia has been virtually closed to foreign visitors, at least to those from non-Chinese lands, for many years now. Soviet Russians were, of course, sent in numbers; indeed, to be sent to Mongolia became the kind of goal for adventurous Soviet spirits that the colonies were for English youths. For most of them a trip to Mongolia would be as near to going abroad as any of them could ever hope for.

A corner of the veil over Mongolia has, however, been lifted by the Soviet press of late on the eighteenth anniversary of the 'Mongolian revolution' and the fifteenth anniversary of the proclaiming of the 'Mongolian People's Republic.' A series of articles has appeared praising the efforts of the Mongolian people, which have 'changed the whole economic and cultural appearance' of the country, but not failing to give proper credit to the 'technical and other assistance' given by the Soviet Union. A picture is then presented of the innovations which are changing the lives of the descendants of the armies of Genghis Khan—Parliamentary institutions, banks and coöperatives, electric communications, air lines and motor transport, industries, agricultural mechanization, schools, and hospitals.

There is a political party—only one, apparently, as *Pravda* approvingly makes it clear that the Mongols have made such progress under Soviet tutelage that they have successfully carried out a 'purge.' It was a 'purge' of both 'Rightists' and 'Leftists' at that.

The Soviet press is at pains to make it clear that the régime in Outer Mongolia is not to be thought Communist; it is described as a 'bourgeois democratic republic.' But it hastens to add that it is a new type of such a régime, being 'anti-feudal and anti-imperialistic,' and that the ground is being consciously prepared for a gradual transition to a non-capitalistic economy. This confirms the reports of the abandonment of the earlier Soviet missionaries' efforts to force Communistic measures on the unreceptive and unwilling Mongols. It was reported that the Soviet group tried to collectivize agriculture in Mongolia, which is mostly a matter of semi-nomadic cattle and sheep raising, but encountered such opposition that the movement was wisely abandoned. The Soviet press reports that the nomadic form of livestock breeding continues to predominate, but points out that twenty mechanized hay-cutting stations have been organized with the aim of creating State fodder reserves. The number of head of livestock had increased in 1938 to 25,000,000, as compared with 11,000,000 in 1918.

II

What industry exists in the Mongolian People's Republic has been created by the Russians, for there was no industry in pre-revolutionary days. The capital, Ulan-Bator, boasts a machinery manufacturing and repair works, two wool-washing establishments, a number of brick-making and wood-working places, and there are in the country a number of electric power stations and coal mines. The Soviet

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press does not mention gold mining; but reports have reached Moscow that considerable amounts of gold are being realized from Outer Mongolia.

On the side of political organization, legislative power is nominally vested in a Parliament, called the 'Great People's Khural,' whose members are chosen in a supposedly free election. Actually, according to information current in Moscow, the Mongolian Government is a façade for the ruling party, called the 'People's Revolutionary party.' It is said to number about 9,000 members, and comprises those native elements willing to coöperate with the Soviet 'advisers.'

This party developed the same kind of schisms as the Communist party, hence the 'purge.' The 'Rightists' were accused of pushing the country backward toward a purely capitalistic economy, while the 'Leftists,' professing to be impatient for the blessings of undiluted collectivism, were accused of trying to 'leap over the laws of economic development,' which was interpreted as 'wrecking.' Both factions were conveniently exposed as 'agents of a foreign intelligence service' and were dispatched as Japanese hirelings.

In its economic and social institutions, the Mongolian People's Republic appears to have gone a long way in the direction of collectivism for a 'bourgeois' State. The land is, in theory, nationalized, although unofficial reports would indicate that the nomadic Mongolian cattle-breeders and sheep-herders have been little affected by such decrees which served to legalize the expropriation of the lands of the lamaseries. The banks are operated by the Government. Foreign trade is asserted to be a monopoly of the State, with a major part of the internal trade turnover divided between State and coöperative organizations.

The Mongolian State exercises control over the schools, all publishing activity, and the cinema, and a system of public health is being developed. 'Doctors are replacing the Lama-sorcerers,' the Soviet press proclaims.

What the Soviet press terms the 'People's Revolutionary party's incessant struggle against remnants of feudalism' covers a bitter conflict between the new régime and the old monasteries of Lamaism. The evidence seems to be that, as is the case in Russia, the traditional religious beliefs persist stubbornly with the older generation, while their hold on the younger generation is greatly weakened.

The Soviet press has been lyrical over the development and potentialities of the Mongolian Army, for it represents the Soviet Union's prime interest in maintaining this buffer State bordering in part on Japan's puppet State of Manchukuo and in part on Japan's 'protectorate' in Inner Mongolia. The men are said to form an excellent army, for they are fearless in the face of danger and nearly every one is a marksman with a rifle from boyhood. The Russians assert that these rank-and-file soldiers have developed into skilled artillerymen, tank drivers, and pilots. The compulsory term of Army service is three years. About 30 per cent of the members of the 'People's Revolutionary party' and about half the members of the Revolutionary League of Youth (closely modeled on the Soviet Communist Youth League) are enrolled in the Army. The leading arm of the service is the cavalry, but mechanized

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units are operating under Mongolian commanders.

The military organization is patterned strictly on the lines of the Red Army and its technical equipment is of Soviet manufacture. The uniforms of the Mongolian Army as seen in Moscow are almost indistinguishable from the Soviet uniforms.

The maintenance of its quasi-independence against the Japanese in just such fighting as is now going on along Outer Mongolia's rather intangible frontiers is the Mongolian Republic's not disinterested way of compensating the Soviet Union for the trouble taken in training and equipping this army. An Outer Mongolia overrun by the Kwantung Army would establish Japanese bases at points only 150 miles from the vital Trans-Siberian Railway. The route from these potentially vulnerable points on the railway to Lake Boirnor, the scene of the recent fighting, is about a thousand miles.

III. 'Mikado Doctrine'

By Hikomatsu Kamikawa

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Monthly

EAST ASIA and the American continents show considerable similarities in many respects. It is strange, therefore, that there should be so few among the intelligentsia of Western countries, especially in the United States, who appreciate this fact. If thinking people on the other side of the Pacific would understand that East Asia and the American continents have similar interests and a common purpose in world politics, there is no doubt that American opinion regarding events in East Asia would undergo a radical change.

Relations between Japan and the continent of East Asia closely resemble those between the United States and the American continents. In fact the continental policy of Japan since the Manchurian Incident has been frequently called the Japanese 'Monroe Doctrine' or the East Asiatic 'Monroe Doctrine.' But not a few Western writers find fault with the Japanese 'Monroe Doctrine,' while they justify the American doctrine, by stressing unduly the negligible differences they discover between the two. It should be pointed out, however, that these doctrines are essentially similar, the only difference being that the Japanese 'Monroe Doctrine' has East Asia for its field of operation and the original Monroe Doctrine, the American continents. The essential characteristics of the two, as far as international policies are concerned, are the same, though the processes of their development have differed.

Like its prototype in America, the Japanese 'Monroe Doctrine' is Japan's policy toward East Asia with reference to the latter's relations with the Western Powers. It has no concern with the relations between Japan and other countries of East Asia. The present condition of East Asia greatly resembles that which existed in the Western Hemisphere in the early part of the 19th century in that, with the only exception of Japan, all the

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regions of East Asia are virtually colonies or semi-colonies of European and American powers. Naturally the Japanese 'Monroe Doctrine,' now in its first stage of development, bears a close resemblance to the original Monroe Doctrine of the United States.

Japan's 'Monroe Doctrine' must of necessity contain the principles of non-colonization, non-territorial acquisition and non-intervention. It cannot but be operated, therefore, as a principle of defense and preservation of East Asia, since the acquisition of territory in this region by any one of the European or American Powers is a violation of the territorial integrity of this part of the globe and is a menace to its security; and Japan, as the defender of East Asia, must determinedly oppose such an encroachment. And if the Western Powers intervene and extend their political influence over this region, such action must be construed as disturbing the peace and order of East Asia which Japan, as the guardian of peace in this region, must vigorously oppose. These principles of non-colonization, non-intervention and non-territorial acquisition are the minimum claim of Japan under her 'Monroe Doctrine.'

As to the principle of isolation contained in the American doctrine, Japan also observes a similar principle in her 'Monroe Doctrine' as strictly as circumstances permit. She has not only withdrawn herself from the League of Nations but participated in no political affairs of Europe. Moreover, she has never had anything to do with political affairs in the American continents. Unlike the United States, which has abandoned the principle of isolation in the Pacific area and East Asia where she has intervened unrestrainedly, Japan has been acting strictly within the confines of East Asia making no positive attempt to interfere with European or American political affairs.

II

The American Monroe Doctrine is fundamentally an economic principle despite its apparent political feature and has served effectively to facilitate the United States' policy of territorial expansion to meet the demand of her internal economy in the first half of the last century. It cannot be denied that the principle of Japan's 'Monroe Doctrine' is primarily a political one, but at the same time it contains an economic principle as a secondary attribute. However, it has never been invoked for the purpose of territorial expansion as in the case of the American doctrine. Manchukuo, though established with the help of Japan, is clearly an independent country and is not in any respect the territory of Japan. In brief, Japan has no territorial ambitions at all. This attitude has been clarified beyond any doubt by various public statements of the Japanese Government since the outset of the current Sino-Japanese hostilities.

In the economic sphere the Japanese 'Monroe Doctrine' envisages what may be termed East Asia continentalism, which is none other than a movement, based upon the geographical, racial, cultural and economic solidarity of the countries of East Asia, with the object of bringing about the closest possible intercourse among them. This is not at all an activity of an imperialistic character; it is a joint movement of the East Asiatic peoples. The countries of East Asia are already a single community viewed from a geo-

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graphical and historical standpoint; and they are now in the process of forming an economic community. Japan is at present undergoing rapid industrial development while the other countries of that region are still in the stage of agrarian economy. But, because of this they complement one another, maintaining a relationship of mutual aid. Thus Japan's requirements arising from her capitalistic system and the needs of her neighbors arising from their agrarian economy are mutually harmonious and reciprocal. It is utterly erroneous, therefore, to regard Japan's 'Monroe Doctrine' as a doctrine of imperialism.

There are some American writers who criticize Japan, asserting that while the United States does not close the door of the American continents under the pretext of the Monroe Doctrine, Japan closes the door of East Asia under her 'Monroe Doctrine.' Needless to say, such assertions are wholly groundless. That the United States has in fact kept the door of Latin America closed under her Caribbean policy cannot be refuted. Even if it is conceded for argument's sake that she has maintained the open door in her part of the world, the open door has always been and will continue to be maintained to the same extent, if not more, in East Asia, Monroe Doctrine or no Monroe Doctrine.

Since it is clear that the Japanese 'Monroe Doctrine' is essentially the same as the original Monroe Doctrine of the United States, it should be admitted that the Japanese policy in East Asia is entirely justified—just as the American Monroe Doctrine was justified in its early stage. Thinking people in the United States who vindicate the Monroe Doctrine of their country as a matter of course should, from the standpoint of equity, recognize the justice of Japan's 'Monroe Doctrine' regarding East Asia.

The Monroe Doctrine is an effective manifestation of regionalism as against universalism. The United States which conceived this idea is really the originator of regionalism, which Japan is striving at present to establish in East Asia by following the example of that country. In claiming the 'Monroe Doctrine' for East Asia, Japan naturally expects sympathy and encouragement from the United States, a senior in regionalism, who for her best interests should lead and inspire her junior, Japan.

IV. Two-Seas Canal

By Hector Ghilini

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

SIXTY years of bitter struggle have marked the first phase of the so-called Two-Seas Maritime Canal project, that simple yet monumental plan for a short cut from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean through the South of France. Since 1880, when the Chamber of Deputies named the first commission to investigate the possibilities of the project, Canal proponents and opponents have continued the fight, stopping only for the duration of the World War. To one part of the French population, the proposed canal be-

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came a symbol of progress, retarded by routine and reaction.

One name dominated the first part of this sterile conflict, that of the French engineer, M. Verstraet, who fought to achieve realization of the project for twenty-five years, spent his fortune on the cause, knew tribulations without end in Parliament and its various commissions, was harassed by successive administrations and at last, ruined and embittered, took his life in 1910. But the fanatic faith of this martyr to science kept his cause alive. It was again taken up after the War by another French engineer, Jean Lipsky, who for more than ten years persevered, and with better success than his predecessor.

It seems that the presence of illustrious godparents at baptism does not necessarily insure the prosperity to the child. In 1928, the Maritime Union of the Southwest was established. Its sponsors comprised an imposing list of men prominent in politics, among them Gaston Doumergue, Louis Barthou, A. de Monzie, Éduard Herriot, Yvon Delbos, Maurice Sarraut and others. The object of this Maritime Union was the reclamation of southwestern France by means of building the Two-Seas Canal.

Two years later, a conference over the Two-Seas Canal was held in Toulouse, attended by other leaders in French industry and politics. These men, well-qualified to judge the merits of the scheme, considered all the aspects of the project and came to the unanimous conclusion that its construction was essential to the reclamation of southwestern France. Such reclamation promised bringing back the fifth of its population that in the past fifty years had abandoned ten departments of that region. The Canal was expected to achieve industrial, commercial and agricultural recovery; to bring back sorely needed tourist-trade and, finally, to provide France with a communication vital to her national defense. It now seems a pity that the Canal was not begun at that time, with all that support behind it, to be finished in time to benefit France at the time of the present crisis.

Before the outbreak of hostilities, a commission of the Superior Council for Public Works was established to pass on the project, and it was subjected to careful preliminary study by competent engineers. The verdict of the commission will doubtless be postponed because of the present war. But so important is this scheme that it can only be postponed; it cannot be discarded.

II

The project that has been reposing in the bureaus of the Ministry of Public Works submits plans for building a canal about three hundred miles long, beginning between Pointe de Grave and Verdon near Bordeaux, and emptying near Valras beach to the east of Narbonne. The canal skirts the left bank of the Gironde River, circles Bordeaux from the south, follows the left bank of the Garonne River, which it crosses once before reaching Toulouse by means of an enormous 'canal-bridge.' Then it descends into the valley of Gers, clears the gate of Naurouze by a 31 mile reach, runs parallel to Aude and passes north of Carcassone finally to empty into the Mediterranean.

The average surface width of the proposed Canal is 489 feet; the depth is 39.6 feet; width of the bot-

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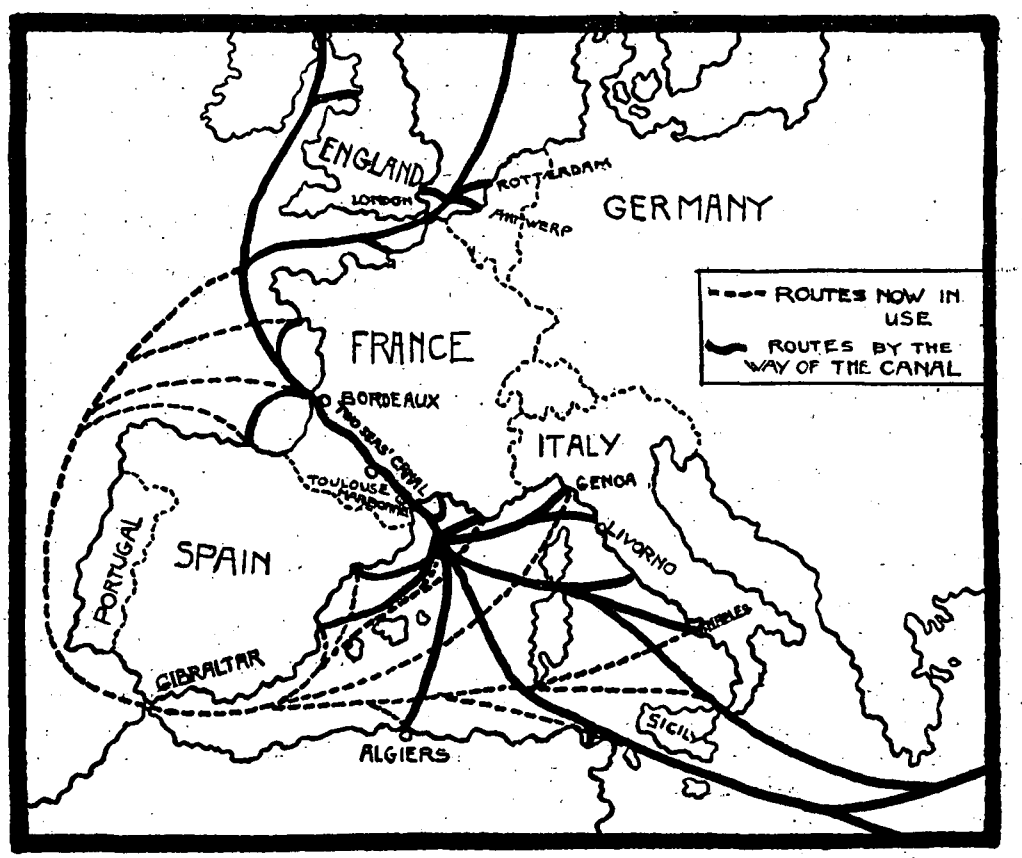
tom, as in the Panama Canal, is to be 294 feet throughout. The banks are built of concrete with a 33-foot moulding to avoid undermining. A lock made entirely of metal will open the Canal in the West. There will be fourteen additional locks, with two levels each, and every level having three lock-chambers: one 1,014 by 129 feet and the others 603 by 78 feet. Each lock-chamber is divided by intermediate gates which permit lowering the level of water for smaller craft. Each lock is 69 feet high, 36 feet to a level.

The water of the Canal will be supplied principally by the Ariège and Garonne Rivers; the reserve supply of water, during the low-water period or dry years, will be furnished by six electro-pump stations set up in each of the six reaches of the eastern slope. Electric lighting—for the Canal will be open day and night to navigation—the functioning of the locks and the pumping stations will necessitate the use of 200 million kilowatt hours a year.

All ships will be able to cross the Canal under their own power at an average speed of from 10 to 11 knots—which means about 12 miles an hour. Since the passage through each lock will require forty minutes, and since there are fourteen locks, a little more



The above map demonstrates clearly the saving in distance made possible by the use of the Two-Seas Canal.

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than thirty hours must be allowed for transit.

A daily traffic of at least fifty ships is anticipated, representing about 75 million tons of taxable freight per year. Thus, at twenty-five francs per ton, the yearly return will amount to 1,875,000,000 francs [$65,625,000], a sufficiently large amount to insure (1) the costs of operating the canal, which has been estimated at 300 million francs [$10,500,000] per year, (2) the reimbursement of invested capital (25,000,000,000 francs [$875,000,000]), in forty years at 4 per cent interest, and perhaps (3) the distribution of surplus dividends among the bondholders or the establishment of a special-reserve fund.

The usual route by boat from Bordeaux to Marseilles through the Straits of Gibraltar extends 1,542 miles. By using the canal, ships would reduce the distance by three-quarters—or between three and four days. In addition, this route avoids storms that are frequent in the Bay of Biscay as well as the Gibraltar Straits. These savings in space and time are invaluable for the shipper. Every ton of merchandise transported through the Canal represents a saving of at least fifty francs—a sizeable saving even with the 25 francs' tariff deducted from it.

Although the opponents of the project do not contest the engineering practicability of the project, the argument they use is the financial one. Such astronomic sums as 34 and 50 billion francs were bandied about as the cost figure. However, the Study Commission which has spent ten years collecting the data has submitted the estimate of 25 billion francs as the total amount needed. This amount has been obtained by painstaking investigation of the costs of similar works in France and abroad.

The maximum time of construction is estimated at six years.

The Two-Seas Canal will be, when built, a true masterpiece of twentieth-century engineering. It will not only be a monument to French initiative, vitality and talent, but will also contribute appreciably to the country's security. It is vital to the safety of the country for the Government to be able to double its fleet either in the Atlantic or the Mediterranean in twenty-four hours, while remaining safe from surprise attack. Through the proposed canal, the French fleet could be concentrated within twenty-four to thirty-six hours at any given place. Both Great Britain and France are particularly conscious of its lack at this time.

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

THE Soviet-Nazi non-aggression pact, only a few weeks old, has already effected one historic change in the American liberal-radical world, to wit, the virtual death of the Communist Party. The influence of the party, first as an educator and then as a trouble-maker, reached its peak shortly after the 1932 elections, when people of all degrees of intelligence found some comfort in its pronouncements. The older parties seemed to have little to offer, while the Communist Party seemed to have answers to most of the problems in creation. But once the New Deal got going with its truly herculean program of social reform, members of and sympathizers with the American Communist Party began to consider it more critically—and before long their minds swarmed with doubts.

The callowness and sensationalism of the party press became more and more obvious, so that pretty soon even staunch party members smiled politely at the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. Then the shifts in the 'party line' ceased being merely puzzling and became ridiculous. The legend of democratic discussion in party councils had exploded long before, thereby showing up the American Communist Party to be a tool of the Soviet foreign policy and headed by a man, Earl Browder, whose political integrity assumed the character of soft rubber. And when he came to explain the Soviet-Nazi pact he virtually labeled his party, 'the best friend of democracy,' as a fraud. Party members and sympathizers have been leaving by the hundreds, the labor movement has leaped to purge itself of Communist influence, and the people as a whole will never again listen with respect to what Mr. Browder and his comrades say or write.

THIS development must be looked upon as a salubrious one, both for liberal-radicals and for the nation as a whole. The Communist Party could not at any time claim with reason that it represented the American people, for it got its major inspiration, leadership, and instructions from Russia. In a democratic land, it practiced totalitarianism, punishing dissent, however sincere, with ostracism. It often gambled recklessly with the lives and fortunes of helpless working men and women, offering them genuine help at one moment and plunging them into pointless strikes at another. It could never seriously set itself up as a party defending the Bill of Rights, since it got its orders from a land where free speech, free assembly, and a free press have not existed for more than twenty years. The argument that Russia could not afford the Bill of Rights because of the crisis within brought up the questions why the crisis lasted so long, and why the United States could afford the Bill of Rights in 1789, when it experienced a crisis at least as grave. Thus the Communist Party represented a truly un-American force in the land. That the American government permitted—and still permits—it to function bespeaks the strength of the democratic principle, and that the Communist Party collapsed naturally

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bespeaks its political fraud and intellectual corruption.

ANOTHER excellent effect of the Soviet-Nazi pact has been to strengthen the forces of isolation in this country. No more can misled liberals and radicals speak of collective security, meaning thereby the safety of Soviet Russia, 'the bulwark of world democracy,' for the gangsters of the Kremlin have shown themselves up as brothers of the gangsters of the Wilhelmstrasse, however different their original ideas may have been. The extermination of Stalin now seems as necessary as the extermination of Hitler.

'Our sympathy,' as Representative Ludlow has said, 'unquestionably is with England and France, and very properly so,' for their way largely coincides with ours, but that sympathy does not call for active coöperation. The idealism of England that tyrannizes India and the idealism of France that tyrannizes French Indo-China may well be doubted. Their empires have been built on force and chicanery. They supported Hitler and Mussolini with money and supplies, thereby fattening them and their régimes. Their gabble about bleeding Poland need not disturb the American people overly either, for Poland has been a dictatorship from the beginning, and anti-Semitism there is older than Nazi anti-Semitism.

The outburst of isolationist feeling in this country at the time France and England declared war should hearten all careful Americans, but they should not let the matter stop there, for Allied and German propaganda bureaus work in devious ways. Already New York metropolitan papers speak of 'common spiritual values,' repeating the hoopla of 1914–1917. Perhaps the best efforts for complete and absolute isolation will come from the Senate, where both Democrats and Republicans display genuine and vigorous determination not to have the United States duplicate the ghastly error of 1917. As Senator Vandenberg has said, 'This is not our war.' No European war has ever been our war. We can easily be a self-sufficient nation, and the best battle we can do for democracy is to keep it unblemished here.

THE present European situation brings to mind an essay Thorstein Veblen wrote for the *Freeman* in June 21, 1922. It was entitled 'Dementia Praecox.' Some excerpts:

'It is evident now, beyond cavil, that no part of Europe is better off for America's having taken part in the Great War. So also it is evident that the Americans are all the worse off for it. Europe is balancing along the margin of bankruptcy, famine, and pestilence, while America has gone into moral and industrial eclipse. This state of things, in both cases, is traceable directly to America's having taken part in the war, whatever may have been the ulterior determining circumstances that brought European politics to a boil in 1914.

'As regards the state of Europe, the immediate effect of American intervention was to bring the war to an inconclusive settlement; to conclude hostilities before they were finished and thereby reinstate the *status quo ante* out of which the war had arisen; to save the Junkers from conclusive defeat. There is every reason to believe that in the absence of American intervention, the hostilities would have

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been continued until the German nation had been exhausted and the German forces had been broken and pushed back across their frontiers and across their own territory, which would have demoralized and discredited the rule of privilege and property in the Fatherland to such effect that the control of affairs would have passed out of the hands of the kept classes. The outcome should then have been an effectual liquidation of the old order and in the installation of something like an industrial democracy resting on other ground than privilege and property, instead of the camouflage of a *pro forma* liquidation in 1918–1919 and the resulting pseudo-republic of the Ebert Government. Noske could not have functioned and the Junkers would not have been war-heroes. . . . The American intervention saved the life of the German Empire as a disturber of the peace, by saving the German forces from conclusive defeat, and so saving the rule of the kept classes in Germany. . . . When the whole adventure is seen in perspective it is evident that the defeat of the Germans was decided at the battle of the Marne in 1914, and the rest of the conflict was a desperate fight for negotiable terms on which the German war-lords hoped to save their face at home; and American intervention has helped them save the remnants of their face.'

SOME of those favoring immediate or eventual American intervention in the present European war claim that if the Nazis win, the totalitarian idea will spread over the United States. Intelligent and sincere men and women have been partly or wholly persuaded by this argument, but in so far as history teaches anything, their conviction must be described as a delusion. First, the chances of the Nazis winning, in the long run, are almost nil, so much so that arguing extensively about it makes military men smile. Second, assuming the very worst, that the Nazis do win, they will have enough on their hands 'coördinating' the subjugated nations of Europe that they will not have energy or time to proselytize the Americas. Before the Nazis could pacify the vanquished, they would in all probability have a half dozen revolutions in their midst. Third, consider the state of the young American nation in 1776–1789. Surrounded on all fronts by Indians, the wilderness, and French, Spanish and British troops, the first democracy managed to survive, even though the rest of the world was violently monarchic. If the thirteen colonies could survive then, surely the forty-eight states can survive now the far lesser poison of totalitarianism. America, to be sure, is far nearer Europe today than it was then, but it also has far better means of defending itself, military, economic, and psychological.

MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON, Elliott Roosevelt and others recently made statements which imply a wish for some form of censorship of the radio and press, on the apparent assumption that the United States is being flooded with propaganda from the European belligerents. Dean Carl W. Ackerman of the Columbia School of Journalism has properly denounced this attitude on the ground that it runs counter to the democratic idea, adding that 'propaganda either labels itself or is exposed by the truth which

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free communication insures.' One may agree with the Dean's general philosophy without agreeing with his optimism regarding the power of propaganda to expose itself to all people. Some very learned men in this country and abroad believed the most incredible atrocity stories in 1914–1918. One such person was none other than the late Lord Bryce, author of *The American Commonwealth*.

Schools of journalism could justify their existence by offering courses in the detection of propaganda and a service to the public instructing it likewise. The schools might well start with peace-time propaganda in the press and on the radio—the propaganda of emphasis or lack of it, as practiced even by the New York *Times*, and the propaganda of name-calling, as practiced by both the liberal-radical and conservative periodicals. When the *Herald Tribune* refers to the Child Labor Amendment as the Youth Control Bill, it really indulges in propaganda, and when the liberal-radical weeklies emasculate a letter from an objecting correspondent, they also practice propaganda. The difference between intelligent editing and propaganda is so tenuous that it demands the most careful examination and the constant vigilance of honest editors. Should Dean Ackerman take up the suggestion here proposed, he would probably win the disapproval of the press associations and of some of the trustees of his own university, but he would also enhance his self-respect, which can find little to feed on in his present activities.

HENRY GEORGE, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth received considerable attention in New York City lately, has suffered greatly from his disciples, like so many other social thinkers before and after him. Probably more forcefully than any other economist in history he brought before the people the manner in which the land barons rob them constantly, controlling the vitals of social wealth and employing that control to pauperize the community which creates that wealth. Mr. George's ideas hit America at a particularly ripe time, when old families, owning land handed down to them, suddenly became 'fine and wealthy' through no effort of their own.

Progress and Poverty, Mr. George's first and greatest work, thus occupies a rightful place among the dozen truly original economic works of the modern world. He did not, however, mean that the Single Tax will do away with all the problems of society, as some of his present-day followers preach. A humble man, he made no pretensions to possessing a cure-all. Besides, he did not sufficiently take into account other factors, both economic and psychological, which lead to the degradation of millions of people. But always his heart was with the common men and simple women from whom he came. He did not entertain the slightest feeling of snobbery toward them, which his chief publicist in this country today, Albert Jay Nock, boasts of. Were Mr. George alive today, he would probably find the company of Mr. Nock, with his high collar and superior sniff, most embarrassing to him.

—C. A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Rolling Along

The Nazi system is a hoop which topples over if it stops.

—Harold Nicolson

Jokes in Bomb Shelters

Peals of happy laughter will help to drown the sound of bursting bombs at Beckenham, Kent. For, sitting in their A.R.P. trenches, 450 girls of the County School, Beckenham, will have non-stop variety.

As an A.R.P. measure, the girls have been ordered by their headmistress to learn three funny stories each, and to keep the stories secret in readiness for a war.

The stories will not be told until they get into the trenches; then the telling of the entire 1,350 jokes will begin.

The stories must be of a suitable character, easy to understand, and they must be funny. Now the girls are begging their adult friends to tell them the best jokes they know.

'I have got three beauties,' one of the girls said. 'They are so good that it is difficult, being on my honor, not to tell them until there is a war. I am bursting to let my chums enjoy them.'

—*Sunday Pictorial*, London

What's the Use?

Here is a little poem sent out by a Bremen export firm to its customers:—

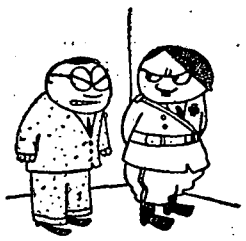
Tobacco without nicotine,
Coffee without caffeine,
Wine without alcohol—
There is nothing left at all.
Soon, to add to our alarm,
We'll have women without charm,
Such a prospect must appall,
Why should people live at all?

—*Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris

Stage-Coach Diplomacy

Ah, for the long dead age of stage-coaches, when statesmen and diplomats did not tear around in airplanes. They would quietly ride in stage-coaches or in their own carriages. To accomplish a voyage that was made by Herr von Ribbentrop to Moscow in a few hours, they would have had to travel six months. Rocked to sleep in the slow-moving coaches, they had plenty of time to meditate. They passed through peaceful villages, saw men working, women keeping house and the children playing on the streets. They would stop in a tavern and drink fresh wine. The landscape that they passed at such a leisurely pace stretched before them like a prayer for peace. But today the rulers of men, in their powerful airplanes, fly so high that they cannot even see the anguished faces of men praying to be allowed to live.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris



—Excellency, what about the anti-Comintern Pact?
—What anti-Comintern Pact?

—*Ordre*, Paris

Paradise

Travelers arriving in Bermuda these days get a glowing booklet designed to make them feel at home. It boasts: 'Bermuda is not a democracy. Less than 10 per cent of its citizens can vote. Only adult males, owning £60 worth of land, have the suffrage. Non-voters accept and respect this system because it works well and guards against participation by uneducated, irresponsible, or dissatisfied elements. . . . Life is indeed serene in these islands.'

—*Japan Chronicle*, Kobe

He Must Burst!

At the bus corner I noticed two small boys, selling their wares. One had picture postcards of the Führer, the other toy balloons. One called out invitingly, 'See the Führer! Buy a picture of the Führer. See the Führer,' while his friend blew hard into a balloon. Then his friend began to shout, 'Bigger and bigger and bigger he grows until he must burst.' At which

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point he made sure that his balloon exploded with a bang. I couldn't help slipping them a coin, and by the look of their wallet I was not the first.

—*Spectator*, London

Pity the Dachshund

Sir,—May I, through your columns, appeal to caricaturists and humorous writers to suspend during the present crisis the practice of making the dachshund a symbol of Nazidom or of the German nation? Absurd as it may seem, the prevalence of this idea in the popular imagination has produced a real risk of thoughtless acts of cruelty being committed against harmless little animals which are English by birth and often by generations of breeding.

—Letter to the *Times*, London

German Punctilio

Evidence at the inquiry held in Bremerhaven yesterday into the explosion on board the North German Lloyd steamer *Berlin*, 15,286 tons, on July 17, when 17 were killed and nine injured, showed that the first engineer was responsible. He believed it to be 'incompatible with his honor' to stop the ship's engines.

He gave this typically German explanation three times running, though the engine-room was full of smoke and his subordinates begged him to stop the ship.

—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

CENSORSHIP

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Cabinet Nightmare

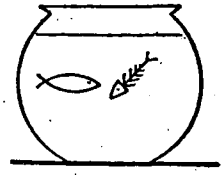
A young man in the Cabinet Office has just had a most unpleasant nightmare. In his dream he was attending a Cabinet meeting as acting secretary in the absence of his senior colleagues. After two hours of earnest discussion of the Soviet pact the meeting was about to break up without any conclusion having been reached.

Suddenly Signor Gayda and Mme. Tabouis appeared. One of them said: 'This confirms what we have always written. The British Cabinet is quite unable to decide anything.'

Mr. Chamberlain turned to the acting secretary and asked rather testily: 'How did these people get in here?' He replied: 'I don't know; they must have been under the table.'

'Oh!' grumbled Mr. Chamberlain, 'this is really too much. In Hankey's time he always poked under the table first of all.'

Peterborough



—I've been in Berlin.

—*Groene Amsterdammer*

Roosevelt's Dark Antecedents

According to Julius Streicher, the editor of the anti-Semitic *Stürmer*, the President's ancestor Nikolaus Roosevelt married a Jewess named Solomons at the beginning of the eighteenth century. And then the President's father made matters worse by marrying a woman of Jewish extraction named Sara Delano.

'This solves the riddle,' declares Streicher. 'Blood is attracted by blood. The United States President has sold himself to the Jews because he is racially related to them. . . . This also solves the riddle of Roosevelt's politics.'

Meanwhile the riddle of Julius Streicher remains unsolved.

—*The Forum*, Johannesburg

By Their Titles . . .

In the Moscow Museum there opened an exposition of painters and sculptors. We cannot judge the quality of work exhibited and will limit ourselves to quoting the names of exhibited works of art.

Lenin Listening to his Mother Playing the Piano

Stalin hiding in a Peasant's Hut during his Flight from the West Siberian Prison in 1904

Stalin at a Demonstration in Batu

Lenin Addressing the Third Komsomol Congress

Lenin, Stalin and Djerzhinsky Listening to Voroshilov

Stalin and Voroshilov at the Front

Lenin in a Chair

Stalin and Gorki

Stalin Thinking

—*Posliednyia Novosti*, Paris

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Lady Novelists

A CONTROVERSY has arisen in the pages of the *New Statesman and Nation* that has a curious resemblance to the bitter pre-War altercations on the subject of feminism. The issue here is purely literary and the combatants courteous, but one feels an undercurrent of malice on one side and resentment on the other and tension all around, so that one cannot help but wonder whether this is not one of those literary straws that show how the wind is blowing.

The controversy was started by Anthony West's brilliant and mordant review of four books written by women. Mr. West did not like them. 'Lady novelist is no term of endearment among writers,' he wrote acridly, 'but it must be used in connection with these books; there's no way around it, they just are the productions of lady-novelists.' He went on to speak about the 'characteristic' slightness of plot, about the 'infatuation with the personal equation in which the private mind has a value equal to the universe and all it contains.' His main quarrel seemed to be with the women writers' tendency to live in a highly personal world centralized around the ego and completely abstractionless. 'The bulk of the stream of consciousness as it appears in print seems to be made up of self-pitying tears, and on its frothy surface, boo-hooing like mad, lady novelists are being whirled away to oblivion, in spite of their immense capabilities.'

The reaction was immediate. M. E. Mitchell and Daphne Nichol, two well-known writers, took up cudgels in defense of their sex. In a brief letter to the *New Statesman and Nation*, they admitted the soft impeachment about their dislike of abstraction, but saw no harm in it, holding that there is no abstraction that does not reach its maximum significance in the individual at which point it ceases to be an abstraction and becomes important. It is men who are willing to march to an annihilation for abstractions who have brought the world to its present pass. Thank God, then, they conclude, for the lady novelists who concentrate on the concrete reality of the individual mind.

This retort forthwith brought a winged reply from C. E. M. Joad. This amiable philosopher admitted that he was naturally prejudiced against lady novelists and accordingly brought the full power of his ingenuous rhetoric to squelch the feminine competitors in the field of literature.

There is a perfectly good epistemological theory which issues in the conclusion that only minds exist: and another, not quite so good, which affirms that we can only know our own minds. It does not appear to me that Mesdames Mitchell and Nichol hold either of these theories. On the contrary, they appear to believe themselves to know all manner of things besides individual minds—Germans, for example, and Herr Hitler and abstractions and the *New Statesman and Nation*. The mind, then, they admit by implication, can know things and can concern itself with things other than itself, its own ideas, emotions, moods and experiences. The question is, should it do so, should the

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minds of good novelists do so, and should the minds of their characters do so; and, if they should, with what other things?

The lady novelists reply, with the relations between men and women. 'Personal relations,' they cry with Helen Schlegel in *Howard's End*, 'are the real life for ever and ever.' And so in infinite detail they set to work to record and to analyze the feelings reciprocally entertained by the members of a small circle of middle-class persons, recording with such scrupulous care, analyzing with such ingenious subtlety, that the merest nuance of a soupçon of a hint of an intimation of a shift of A's attitude to B, or of a heightening or a lowering of X's emotion for Y, is faithfully and lovingly registered.

Now there are today at least a dozen lady novelists of first-rate ability engaged in this sort of thing. I have read them with dutiful admiration, even with awe—how is it possible, I have wondered, that human beings can know, how is it possible that they can have time to know so much about each other?—but I have read them also with an immense boredom. What is more, when I have finished them, my mind proceeds as rapidly as it can to disembarrass itself of the psychological lumber with which it has been cluttered. For these preëminently are books which, once read, are never remembered.

Why are they not? Because their characters are in no sense memorable, and they are not memorable because, taking them by and large, they do not act and they do not think. The novel should not, I conceive, merely concern itself with the presentation with character; it should also—I have Aristotle's word for it—seek to portray character in action. It is only if characters make rich and varied contact with life in action that they acquire interest as characters. Now the characters of the lady novelists aim continuously at self-knowledge, and the object of their novels, in so far as they may be said to have an object, is to force the reader by contrast or sympathy to discover himself. The chief drawback of the introspective and self-absorbed life is that the introspected self loses interest, even as an object of introspection. Make self-cultivation your aim and you cannot but be bored with the contemplation of an object made boring by your preoccupation with it. 'Madam,' said Dr. Johnson, 'of the exaltations and depressions of your mind you love to speak and I hate to hear!' Quite so.

Not only do the characters of the lady novelists not act, they also do not think. They think, no doubt, in a fashion. In the nineteenth century they thought about whether A would marry B or C; in the twentieth, about whether A will go to bed with B before marriage or after. They think, that is to say, about other people, but they do not think about the universe. Now most good and memorable works of art are the vehicles of an underlying philosophy. Something is asserted about the cosmos, not directly, but by implication through the actions of the characters.

Tolstoy in *War and Peace* is concerned to emphasize the determinism of the processes of history in which human beings are the instruments of forces which they do not initiate and cannot control; while his later novels are vehicles for dissertations upon the importance of the virtues described in the Sermon on the Mount. Shaw seeks to show the workings of creative evolution; Swift, the evil in the heart of man.

While the great writer, conscious of a world order, is inspired by an irresistible urge to comment, to denounce, to convert, or to convict of sin, the lady novelists are moved by a curiosity to savor and appraise individual relationships as a woman handles stuffs on a much-littered counter. You may be impressed by the expertness shown in the appraisal; but the process finished, there is no effect. Now I am unable to rid my mind of the conviction that a work of art should have an effect. It should leave us different from what we were when we came to it, different because

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of the vision by which our own has been illuminated, of the outlook through which our own has been enlarged. The success of a book must be measured by its effect on the daily thought and action of its reader. But when characters are occupied in recording and analyzing their reactions to one another, then there is no effect and the reader would be better employed in playing a ball game.

First blood might have gone to the sarcastic Mr. West, but the last word was certainly spoken by a woman. The controversy ended with Naomi Mitchison's forthright and realistic rebuke, administered in the final letter to the *New Statesman:*—

May I suggest, publicly, to my old school-fellow, Cyril Joad, that he is too sensible to join in the anti-feminist game which is being played increasingly in the intellectual world just now? And does he know that his article hurt? I have an idea that he didn't mean it to; he was just being light-hearted; but if you give ever such a cheery flip to a wrist which has only lately had heavy and painful chains struck off it, then the owner of the wrist is likely to be hurt. Women have only very lately been free to compete with men in any jobs; they are not yet in any sense on an economic equality with men. In some professions they have succeeded fairly well, especially those in which the men did not organize quickly to keep them out—such as literature. This was fine in a period of expansion, but in a period of depression such as this, the men naturally want to crowd them out again. Doubtless this is part of the unpleasant functioning of the capitalist trade cycle, and would not happen under Socialism—at least I am bound to hope so—but it is an obvious fact to women, though not always to men, since it is hard to see discreditable facts about oneself.

Anti-feminism only hit me and my fellow women writers (to hell with all users of the phrase lady-novelist—we do not use the much more accurate phrase gentlemen-novelist about some Public School highbrows!) fairly recently. Women doctors felt the cold wind of sex discrimination earlier. It is now extremely marked, especially among the young, and Cyril Joad should not run around throwing stones with the little boys.

As to what he says, some of it has truth in it, as all generalizations have. But it would be equally easy to write a similar article about men, though highly unprofitable, both as public policy—only the very silly want to encourage sex antagonism—and also because such an article would probably not get published, things being what they are. A novelist's job is to write about people; it is in people's minds that ideas occur—or is it that women cannot appreciate the Platonic gentlemen's suggestion that ideas just float around on their own? It is through people that historical events occur; an occasional book may be written about an earthquake in an uninhabited desert, but are such things the stuff of fiction?

May I also remind Cyril Joad that I kept out of this controversy at first. I am no masochist and I am a sufficiently old hand to know that, sooner or later—probably as soon as I have a new book out—this letter will be remembered against me by those men (or should it be gentlemen?) who want to remove women from economic competition with themselves. Perhaps with the increase of Fascism, under whatever name it goes, in this country, these men will succeed as thoroughly as they have done in Germany.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Jeremiah Wells

THE FATE OF HOMO SAPIENS. *By H. G. Wells. London: Secker and Warburg. 1939.*

(Henry W. Nevinson in the *Listener*, London)

SIDE by side with Bernard Shaw, Mr. Wells has been for nearly forty years the major prophet of English-speaking people, and prophets have seldom been cheerful or cheering. Except for a few passages in Isaiah and the Revelation, the Jewish prophets were Wailing Walls. Plato saw that Athens was rushing to ruin. Carlyle and Ruskin were full of lamentation and woe. It is the part of a prophet to perceive his people's errors, to warn, to castigate, and, if possible, to guide. Mr. Wells admirably fulfills all these parts; even the last. He also, like Saul, is among the prophets.

Of all his prophetic books I think this is the best and most definite. Crammed with thought and knowledge, it is difficult to criticize in detail, but the main purpose is never in doubt, and it is written regardless of common opinion. There is much to offend our Labour Party equally with the Communists, and even more to offend the followers of all the main systems of religion. His aspect of religion reminds one of Goethe's saying: 'Who has art and science has religion too, but who has neither art nor science had better have religion.' Mr. Wells's aspect is entirely irreligious in the ordinary meaning of the word, though he reveals a deeper meaning when he writes: 'The world as I see it today is altogether more marvelous, mysterious and profound,' a saying which reminds one of Herbert Spencer's awe in the face of the universal mystery.

But Mr. Wells reviews the forms and rites of the accepted religions and sternly rejects them all, reserving his strongest denunciation for the Catholic Church. He regards that Church as 'the most formidable single antagonist in the way of readjustment to the dangers and frustration that now close in upon us all.' As to Protestantism: 'It culminates in atheism without qualification.' Does he, then, condemn it? Not at all. 'Its final stage is a world of grown men, free from superstitious fear, and free equally from belief in any guidance of the world that can relieve them from responsibility for the shortcomings and failures of our race.'

The Prophet admits that he has lost most of those hopes that inspired thinkers toward the end of last century, when they liked to call themselves 'meliorists,' sang 'Say not the struggle naught availeth,' and expected the redemption of mankind by Free Trade, Parliaments and imitations of the British faith and institutions. We put our hopes too high, he now thinks, and he has no such hopes left. But he still looks to the study of biology and ecology as possible means of salvation. That newfangled word 'Ecology' implies the adjustment or adaptation to surroundings for want of which the primeval monsters of earth gradually disappeared, as mankind will disappear unless we adjust ourselves to Nature. Some ninety years ago Tennyson in his noblest poem raised the same question of our destiny:—

'So careful of the type?' but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries 'a thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.'

That was Nature's warning, and mankind may be no exception. Mr. Wells makes little account of the appalling forecast that with mankind all arts and literature will slowly be absorbed in slime.

In his subsequent review of the world's peoples the Prophet finds little ground for hope. In spite of a violent contempt for Marx, he rather favors the Russians,

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though he calls their country a huge monster with the brain of a newt. He strongly approves of Franklin Roosevelt as a Socialist, but regards the States as a huge monster with the brain of a horse. He loathes the restricting tyranny of Hitler, but thinks Mussolini's Fascism rather less hideous in comparison. He sees little hope in the superstitions of India or the ignorance of Africa. As to ourselves, he naturally charges us with ingrained snobbery and futile traditions, while his onslaught upon our present Prime Minister is equaled in violence only by his assault upon the Catholic Church.

Another approaching danger to the human race was clearly perceived at the beginning of the Great War, when thousands of energetic young men, under the stress and boredom of a mechanized life, could find no outlet for their energy but war. I have seen much of war in all its forms, but I could never write such a description or anticipation of modern war as the Prophet gives us here. It is overwhelming; a picture far more loathly than those dragons of the prime. It is the decline of Man to their level, only to be escaped by adjustment, by that 'ecology' which may be developed by a 'World Brain.' How that World Brain is to grow from the union of a newt's brain with the brain of a horse is not explained. 'Either life is just beginning for mankind or it is drawing very rapidly to its close,' says Mr. Wells in his conclusion. To some small extent, I suppose, the choice of readjustment is still open to us, and we must hope, though hope is slight.

Chin P'ing Mei

The Golden Lotus. *Translated from the Chinese by Clement Egerton. London: Routledge. 1939.*

(Raymond Mortimer in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THE Chinese novel known as *Chin P'ing Mei* was written about 350 years ago. The identity of its author is uncertain, and the work contains patches from another hand. 'Till the twentieth century,' I quote from Mr. Arthur Waley's preface to *Dream of the Red Chamber*, 'the Chinese did not class novels and plays as literature. . . . This no doubt is due partly to a Puritan attitude with which our own eye is not altogether unfamiliar. Love, it is assumed, should exist only as a means to procreation. Between whiles, lest it should acquire a scandalous prestige of its own, it ought not to be written about or discussed. Fiction, in China or elsewhere, insists upon treating love as a romantic passion rather than a bourgeois obligation . . .' The *Chin P'ing Mei* was not merely despised by the scholars, it was suppressed, toward the end of the 17th century, by the authorities. The author, indeed, treats love as gallantry rather than romance. Entitled *The Golden Lotus*, the first English translation has now appeared—another version is promised for the autumn.

I began reading the book with some trepidation—it runs to over 1,500 pages—but I continued to the end, and the experience was fascinating. Meanwhile, two friends picked up each a volume, and soon found themselves immersed. I conclude that the book is likely to have a wider appeal than one might suppose. But *The Golden Lotus* is not a second *Tale of Genji*—it is not even, as far as I can judge, a great novel. The author is remarkable neither for imaginative power nor for intensity of feeling. There are many pretty turns of phrase, but I suspect them to be traditional. This is a prosaic book about commonplace people. Here indeed, I think, is the explanation of its charm: gradually, like an archæologist piecing together the evidence provided by palæolithic cave-dwellings or the excavations of a Knossos, we find the picture of a past society designing itself in our imagination. Similarly, Macaulay's New Zealander centuries hence might deduce Victorian England from the novels of Trollope.

In this society there is little we could

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call 'thought,' religion is mere ritual, all the energetic characters behave badly. *The Golden Lotus*, indeed, professes to be a cautionary tale about a corrupt man in a corrupt society, and occasionally the author directly addresses us to point a moral, but he impresses one not by any distinction of mind but by the acuteness of his observation. This novel is far more realistic than the cinematographic epics of Zola, or the sumptuous embroideries of Flaubert. Money, food, drink and love-making are the preoccupations of the characters. The 'hero' is a young man living in a city near Shantung, during a period of misrule, nominally during the Sung Dynasty. The action is divided between his seraglio (where he keeps six wives, a daughter, a son-in-law and a number of servants) and the outside world, where by smart trading he increases his inherited fortune, and by well-placed bribery attains official powers. A blend of Casanova and Rockefeller, for three volumes he continues to get more wealth and more women; then the moral of the book, rather belatedly, is driven home; he dies from an overdose of aphrodisiac, and catastrophes overwhelm his accomplices.

The character-drawing is less remarkable, I think, than the translator suggests, but one character, the Golden Lotus herself, is a masterpiece of fascinating villainy, reminding one of Mme. Hulot in *La Cousine Bette*. Anyone who has visited the labyrinthine Seraglio at Constantinople or the Ali Kapi at Isfahan must have tried to imagine the pullulation that once obtained there—not a *Scheherezade* lavishness of lovelies, but swarms of fat, idle, illiterate women, crowded together, quarrelling, spying, lying, eating sweets. Modified by the refinement of Chinese taste and the elaboration of Chinese manners, the life of a gynæceum is in this novel most convincingly painted: we watch the jealousies between the wives, reflected and intensified in the jealousies between their servants; the tale-bearing, the visits of greedy relations, the humiliations, the petty cruelties, the incessant intrigues. The women are less exactly segregated than among Moslems, they receive male relations and on occasion strangers; they drink wine.

The prostitute plays an important part in social life: several of the hero's wives began as 'singing girls,' and when ladies give a party to their female friends, they send to the brothel for entertainers, who are warmly welcomed, even visiting the nursery. Nuns, monks and professional 'go-betweens' (female marriage-brokers) busy themselves with various mischiefs. There is a perpetual interchange of presents, silk, silver, pigs and stuffed ducks being specially appreciated; slaves play Leporello or Antinous; justice is based upon bribery and torture; security depends upon protectors, who themselves may fall, at the Imperial Court; and ultimately the fate of each individual is determined by his horoscope.

The peculiar interest of *The Golden Lotus*, I think, is that it describes with detailed naturalism a society conspicuous for material elegance. If Defoe had lived in the Venice of Titian or of Tiepolo, he might have produced a European equivalent. I doubt if our Chinese author was remarkable for æsthetic sensibility, but he belonged to a civilization with a great tradition of style in art, manners and every department of life; his writing, in verse as well as in prose, is full of phrases and images that are no doubt conventional but surprise and enchant the ignorant Western reader. He has great skill in narrative, so that we always want to know what happens next; and toward the end of the book we perceive that he has a wider sweep of imagination than we had supposed, for the destinies of the characters after the hero's death do more than point a moral—they reveal the inevitable hand of Nemesis.

How far this English version is accurate I cannot tell, but it reads very smoothly, and the style is both euphonious and matter-of-fact. Professor Giles declared

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that the translator of the *Chin P'ing Mei* would need the nerve of a Burton, and at moments Colonel Egerton has taken refuge in the decent obscurity of a learned tongue, which is much preferable to mutilating the original. But the numerous readers who are pained by the details of love-making, though they delight in the details of murder, are advised, even if they know no Latin, to leave this book alone. For my part I am profoundly grateful to the translator for the long labors that have given me a singular and most pleasurable experience.

Laughter Down the Years

In Praise of Comedy: A Study in Its Theory and Practice. *By James Feibleman. London: Allen and Unwin. 1939.*

(Sean O'Casey in the *Sunday Times*, London)

HERE in this book, if we haven't a full and perfect account, we have at least a sufficient account of what comedy has been, what it is today, and what it may be like tomorrow. The author has evidently wandered over a world of literature so that he may be able to put before the reader the funny face of comedy, looking through a glass brightly, beginning with the cave man, sitting over his smoky fire, and thinking of all the funny things he will presently engrave upon the wall of his dark dwelling-place, up to the day of Charlie Chaplin and James Joyce. We see comedy prancing about everywhere, in the glory of Greece and the grandeur of Rome, in business, in fashion, in politics—except in the one thing called religion.

It is interesting to read in this valuable book the strange explanations of comedy given by different thinkers who go by the bigger name of philosophers. For instance, some fellow named Gottsched took 'the aristocracy as the norm for reasons of respect, and it was only natural that the only faults he could discover in this light were petty errors committed by the middle class in its efforts to ape the aristocracy.'

The book goes on to tell about the theories put forward by various thinkers to explain the antics of indifferent and dancing Comedy: the nominalistic, by Hobbes; genteel, by Meredith; subjective-metaphysical, by Bergson; subjective-literary, by Jankelevitch, Leacock and others; psychoanalytic, by Freud; and the logical, by Zuver and Graves; till the mind of the reader reels out a warning to dancing Comedy against a nervous breakdown, and begs her to sit down and rest a little so that he may think these things out in quietude and peace.

There is an interesting chapter on the close relation between comedy and tragedy. It seems to me the following is but a common truth: 'There is nothing that does not have its tragic as well as its comic aspect.' But this truth, common as it is, has been derided, especially on the stage, by the successful efforts made to divide the one from the other. Somewhere, sometime, tragedy of some sort comes into every man's life; but through this darkness there is always a seam of laughing light, and well for us it is so, for by laughter can man surmount the insurmountable, and we remember Cuchullain laughing loud, as he lay dying, at the antics of the raven slipping about in the blood that flowed from his wounds.

Religion, politics, and life itself need more comedy than they are allowed to get—comedy that is free from sanctimonious timidity and triviality, comedy that will slap the face hard, and, if necessary, will even cut to the bone so that the things laughed at may shed some of their vanity and fooleries. Richer and deeper comedy than the respectable fun of *Alice in Wonderland*, that hits too light and runs away too quick.

So argues this book, agreeing with Nietzsche, who could not believe in a god that never laughed. And if the somewhat dry nature of the writing be overlooked, here we have a study of Comedy running through all its degrees that is well worth reading.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Background to September 3

NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD. *By Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1939. 367 pages. $2.75.*

MR. SHEEAN'S book is a bitter and compelling description of the year of Fascist victories, March, 1938, to March, 1939. Somehow or other, or perhaps because he has the foresight of a good journalist, he always managed to be on hand when decisive events were taking place in Spain, Czecho-Slovakia and elsewhere in Europe. Readers of *Personal History* need not be told that he has turned out an eloquent tract; more important, he has written a call to arms against the fury of Hitlerism.

The epilogue of *Not Peace But a Sword* was finished on March 20, 1939, a few days after Hitler had marched into Prague. By that time Mr. Sheean had very definite opinions about the responsibility for Czecho-Slovakia's tragedy, for Spain's conquest by General Franco and his German and Italian henchmen. The villain of the European piece, as Mr. Sheean saw it, was Neville Chamberlain and men of his type in Britain and France 'who consistently put the interests' of their own class above those of their 'own nation or of humanity itself.'

Mr. Sheean doesn't stop there. In Prague, on the night of September 29, 1938, he learned of Munich. 'From that night on I knew that France and Britain would never fight for anything worth fighting for; that their resistance, when it came, would come for their moneybags or for their empires, never for a principle of any consequence to the human race; that no pledged word, no law and no reason could henceforth count in the processes by which governments determined the fate of mankind.'

Perhaps Mr. Sheean has now changed his mind. Was he at the radio, listening on the morning of September 3, when the tragic voice of Neville Chamberlain declared, 'We shall be fighting against brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution, and against them I am certain that right will prevail.' Has he read what Mr. Chamberlain told Parliament that day, 'I trust I may live to see the day when Hitlerism has been destroyed and a restored and liberated Europe has been reëstablished?'

Mr. Sheean is probably ready now to change a few of his conclusions. Nevertheless, his criticism of British and French policy in the year prior to the conquest of Prague still stands. For it is likely that if British and French statesmen had understood from the beginning the aims and methods of Hitler—as it was their duty to do—the headlines from Europe today would be different. Had they taken a stand earlier against Hitler and Mussolini they might have had a better chance to head off war.

Much of Mr. Sheean's book is devoted to his observations of the fighting and of the life in war-torn Spain. Here are some of his best pages. Here, and in the rest of the volume, are powerful portraits. Here, in other words, is a book which provides a tragic background for the war which is now upon us.

—SHEPARD STONE

Sociology as Art

AMERICAN SOCIAL PROBLEMS. *By Howard Odum. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1939. 549 pages. $4.00.*

NO OTHER volume of general sociology even remotely approaches this one by the director of the Institute for Research in Social Science of the University of North Carolina. Written clearly, and frequently with considerable eloquence, it presents all the major problems of contemporary America, and from every angle, historical, political, economic, æsthetic, religious, and in the international frame-work. The colossal amount of information in it does not hinder the reader, for Dr. Odum has managed to weave it into a stirring story, at once rigorously scientific and genuinely patriotic. Often, and most unusual for an academician, he stops to transform a mass of facts and historical attitudes into a brief prose poem that brings back the aroma of events and people that have become mere chronicle. This, for example, comes from the section dealing with the natural resources of colonial America:

'Whatever of romance and beauty may have been in the earlier forest picture must have been reflected in hidden ways or in retro-

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spect or in the tragic drama of a lost child crying in the piney woods, of a lost colony perishing in winter woods or of the survival struggles of countless pioneers upon whose spiritual natures the contest with forest, animals, Indians, climate, or the stark fear and superstition of a religious people had wrought deep imprint.'

Dr. Odum hides nothing and exaggerates nothing. All the misery and despair of our history can be found graphically put down in his book, and also all the high beauty and intense adventure. The epic of America, he knows, like all epics, must be viewed as a struggle compounded of chance, grief, and exultation. Further, he knows that our democracy still leaves very much to be desired, that millions of young and old have yet to achieve even the minimum of the good life. But he has a conviction that these helpless and hopeless ones will not succumb to any of the totalitarian ideologies now rampant in Europe and Asia, for 'the present alternatives being tried in the rest of the world do not appear to approximate the ideals of equality and opportunity even so much as the American system; and even though they succeed in lands of their peculiar conditioning, their ideologies and form do not carry with them the basis for social organization competent to achieve the highest American human welfare.'

Dr. Odum modestly calls himself a scientific liberal. It would take in more of the truth about him to call him a great scholar and very good writer who has the calmness of the historical backward glance and much of the inner turbulence of the genuine artist. His present book forms the culmination of years devoted to the study of what makes people stick together and what brings them peace in the dark waste and middle of the night. It merits the widest possible reading public, for in its field it easily takes first place.

—Charles Angoff

Critique of Bolshevism

Stalin: A Critical Survey of Bolshevism. *By Boris Souvarine. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1939. 690 pages. $4.50.*

THE author of this book was one of the founders of the French Communist Party and a former member of the Executive of the Communist International. Along with a group of distinguished revolutionists who are still living, Victor Serge, Angelica Balabanoff, F. Borkenau and others, he has been forced by the logic of events to examine the nature of the Bolshevik revolution and especially its Stalinist period which has lasted well over a decade, and to reject most of its program.

Souvarine's *Stalin*, originally published in French and now appearing in the excellent English translation made by C. L. R. James (the English edition has much additional material), is by far the most comprehensive study yet made of the Bolshevik movement by one who knew it from the inside. Actually, the book is as much a history of Bolshevism as it is a biography of Stalin, and excellent on both counts. No person interested in the development of modern revolutionary movements can afford to neglect Souvarine's heavily documented pages. If at times some of the bitterness which he feels for Stalin, creeps in, the more 'objective' reader can eliminate this factor and still retain an unvarnished record.

As this is being written, the dangers of another world-wide imperialist war are upon us. Aiding and abetting this war is the infamous conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. To those for whom this pact is a mystery, Souvarine's *Stalin* will be a partial, if not complete explanation. Toward the conclusion of the study Souvarine writes:—

'In the final analysis, these movements [Bolshevism and Fascism] show many similarities, and are open to so many mutual plagiarisms; they borrow and exchange so many things from one another, that the same word, "totalitarian," another addition to the modern vocabulary, becomes them both perfectly. Mussolini began by imitating Lenin; Hitler continued by imitating Mussolini and Stalin; the latter, in return, copies his two rivals, especially in their worst features. At long intervals the three dictators, with Stalin as leader, follow one another in the way in which they educate and discipline their subjects by bringing them into line, throwing them into prison and putting them to death. It is hardly possible that so many analogies between Bolshevism and Fascism in word and deed, in means and methods, in institutions and types of men, do not reflect some historical relationship, unless one admits the possibility of a complete divorce between the essence and the form.'

The theory and action of Stalin, ruthless and

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brutal as it is, with its crushing of the human spirit and betrayal of the workers' revolution, rests upon the theory and action of Lenin and Trotsky and the others who formed the Bolshevik faction in the Russian Social Democratic Party. Lenin and Trotsky, during the war-Communist period, thought they were forced to liquidate workers' democracy and brought about a one-party dictatorship. From that day to this, the ruthless oppression of dissident opinion, has been the rule and not the exception. Perhaps, if history were rewritten, and if Lenin lived longer than he did, his truly great personality might have halted the complexion of events but this is useless speculation at this time. Certainly, it would appear in looking over the past, Martov and Rosa Luxemburg were right as against Lenin and Trotsky, and the verification of their position as well as the deeper understanding of the dangers inherent in Bolshevism as such emerge from the reliable pages of Souvarine.

Souvarine's conclusion is utterly pessimistic for he finds that the miscarriage of Bolshevism in Russia is coupled with the failure of its own International. He fears that the workers' movement throughout the world will be contaminated by the Stalinist betrayal. There is no point in quarrelling with Souvarine's pessimism. There is a point, however, in recognizing the truth and trusting in the emergence of ideological and organizational forces sufficiently strong to bring about world-wide social democracy, the original ideal of the workers' movement.

—Frank N. Trager

Trouble below the Rio Grande

Another Mexico. *By Graham Greene. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 279 pages. $3.00.*

Mexico: An Object Lesson. *By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1939. 338 pages. $2.50.*

Mexico Marches. *By J. H. Plenn. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1939. 386 pages. $3.00.*

The Mexican Challenge. *By Frank L. Kluckhohn. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. 1939. 296 pages. $2.50.*

EACH of these books might have carried the title of Mr. Kluckhohn's, since all the authors see Mexico offering serious challenge to established order. Mr. Kluckhohn, a New York *Times* correspondent recently expelled from Mexico, is deeply concerned by moves to expropriate foreign-owned lands and properties. Mr. Plenn, a journalist who has been in and out of Mexico since *the* revolution of 1910, is an ardent admirer of President Cárdenas, and sees him as the hope of the nation's progressive forces. Both Mr. Greene and Mr. Waugh, young English Catholics, deal with the challenge to long-standing spiritual values. To Mr. Waugh, in fact, Mexico defies all order.

Neither Mr. Greene nor Mr. Waugh is quite the objective observer the layman would desire. The titles under which their books appeared in England—*The Lawless Roads* and *Robbery under the Law*—are indicative of violent prejudices countenanced with hesitation by American publishers, as the changes in titles suggest. The American reader can follow Mr. Greene's pilgrimage through a country he 'loathed,' but—as when the author visited Yucatán—learn only of the author's sweltering under a chamois-lined leather jacket and nothing of the glorious Mayan ruins. Even his investigation of the religious problem is submerged in a growing apathy as repugnances multiply.

But Mr. Greene, as a representative of young English Catholic thought, is much less astounding than Mr. Waugh, who uses Mexico as a springboard for opinions on the world malaise, evincing a reactionary position ill befitting a citizen of a country supposedly at war in the cause of democracy and liberty. Mr. Waugh seems to prefer a Hapsburg on a throne in Chapultepec to a 'half-breed' Juarez in a presidential chair. He despairs of a country where any 'hooligan' may get into power, and where, as the 'cure' has always been 'worse than the ill,' the overthrow of 'Cárdenas and his gang' would only lead to still more hopeless conditions.

Mr. Plenn's book—the most comprehensive on contemporary Mexico—has a vast amount of illuminating information, but suffers from its poor organization and the introduction of scenario techniques to material dramatic enough in itself. Further, it assumes more knowledge of Mexican events and personalities than the average reader may possess, while at the same time often proving too elemental for the informed reader. Mr. Penn's admiration for Cárdenas is open and unre-

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lieved, as is the feeling that the nationalization of lands and large foreign-owned industrial plants is necessary if Mexico is to complete the revolution begun in 1910.

Mr. Kluckhohn's book is strictly the work of a journalist, and it is to be wished that its concise approach could have been combined with Mr. Plenn's much deeper penetration of the Mexican spirit and atmosphere. Mr. Kluckhohn has written informatively on some of Mexico's chief problems and personalities. His point of view is that of the American agreed that Mexico needs a new deal, yet out of sympathy with her methods, particularly as to expropriations of lands and oil properties. Mr. Kluckhohn, however, is inclined to evaluate from strictly Anglo-Saxon norms and traditions, judging political and economic processes as they would function in a community like ours, and assuming similar possibilities of control. He has failed to absorb not only the complex background of Mexico, but also that of Latin America in general, of which Mexico is a part. Many of the problems of Mexico, indeed, go far beyond the confines of the Rio Grande-Tehuantepec arena. They reflect that basic issue of economic nationalism, that trend to national sovereignty over productive processes, which is shaping Latin-American countries into entities that will no longer view themselves as colonies of the industrial nations, as sources of ample raw materials cheaply produced, markets for manufactured goods. The challenge of Mexico is essentially that, as is the challenge of other Latin-American States; and it is a challenge that eventually may prove as serious to the order built on international capitalism as the challenge of totalitarian economies is at present.

—Earle K. James

Father of Them All

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. *By William Mulligan Sloane. With an introduction by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1939. 2 Volumes. 467, 527 pages. $7.50.*

Road to Empire. *By Fletcher Pratt. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1939. 346 pages. $3.75.*

Sloane's *magnum opus* is, of course, one of the classic Lives, having first appeared in the days when Bryan was rising on our political horizon. It is, therefore, somewhat dated, and the persistent use of the normal assumptions of the Christian tradition in a rather orthodox and moralizing way as criteria of criticism reads a little strangely. Nevertheless, the work is on the whole a great achievement of objective scholarship, though one sometimes feels that Sloane lacks an ultimate balance and clarity in his own attitudes and runs the whole gamut of emotions, from adulation to hatred, in his relationship to his subject.

Two, at least, of Sloane's conclusions are of great interest, apart from his sane awareness of the constructive values in Napoleon's work and his emphasis on the relationship of his career to the growth of nationalism. The one is contained in a final chapter in Napoleon's influence on these United States. It stresses the hypnotized interest of our democratic citizenry in the life of the great Corsican—an interest due, the author believes, to our leveling tendencies and our general lack of colossal figures in the arena of public life. This, manifestly, is peculiarly germane today, and one has to hope that democratic habits are stronger than fascination at ruthless power. The other, which does indeed offer a morsel of comfort by analogy, is the stress on Napoleon's cowardly lack of resolution when at last achieved power was threatened, and he was put on the defensive. Indeed, in a sense the whole work is the study of a change in character, from the daring, brilliant, and calculating gambler of the Italian campaign to the uncertain and unbalanced plunger of the Hundred Days, with the final dissolution of St. Helena.

Yet the price paid to demonstrate the ultimate weakness of aggressive dictatorship and to reveal that the dictator was yellow must seem to our generation even more disproportionate than to his own, even if it was a necessary one; while current events argue that such lessons are hardly permanent: already the price is being paid anew. Whether this justifies the thesis of van Loon's slight and somewhat unworthy introduction is another matter. For van Loon implies that we have a duty to support the democracies, our sometime Allies, against the invasions of new aggressive absolutisms, and this must be done at whatever cost in men or money. Some of us, however, while not without moral idealism, must be shown that participation is necessary, and that its consequences will be neither

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violently unexpected nor disillusioningly different from professed aims.

While Sloane's work, like Hardy's *The Dynasts*, moves remorselessly to the nadir of a brilliant career, Fletcher Pratt is concerned exclusively with the rising sun, abandoned before it reaches the zenith. He begins with the Day of the Sections, when Napoleon won military fame by suppressing a Parisian revolt, and foreshadowed a later mastery over his nominal masters, the Directory. He ends with the *fait accompli*, with one frustrated in his ambition for eastern empire achieving the First Consulship, about to rule France and overawe Europe.

Where Sloane is primarily the painstaking scholar, Pratt is, at least by intention, the literary craftsman, though his craftsmanship rests on research. Unfortunately, however, the effectiveness of the work is somewhat marred by the manifest striving for effect. Not the least criticism of his work is that, the first chapters apart, it is too largely taken up with details of campaigns, not always clear or intelligible to the layman. Such social history as is proffered, moreover, is too largely sexual.

Both Pratt and Sloane stress the significance of the theory and practice of absolute war, which paradoxically promoted democracy—a thesis Pratt adumbrates, but does not fully develop. Yet it is perhaps this last that offers at once the most fruitful and the most promising analogy for today—given the survival of Western civilization. The achievement of that promise may, however, be no less painful and prolonged than the attainment of the Third Republic if history, beneficently repeating the downfall of a tyrant, also, through ineptitude and malevolence, repeats the errors of Vienna —or, worse, of Versailles.

—Thomas I. Cook

Lure of the North

The Lure of Alaska. *By Harry A. Franck. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1939. 306 pages. $3.50.*

I Went to the Soviet Arctic. *By Ruth Gruber. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1939. 333 pages. $3.00.*

ALWAYS a land of mystery to Americans, Alaska now more than ever before stands out as our most interesting possession. Harry Franck has been a careful observer, he has shown unusual ability to write accurately and entertainingly about Alaska and has handled controversial subjects with care and judgment, not allowing himself to be prejudiced by either side. He has traveled by foot over much of this world.

Even a more mysterious country than Alaska has been is the Soviet Arctic which Dr. Gruber has opened to our understanding in such a delightful way. She lived with the colonists, talked with them and caught the spirit of their enterprise.

The reader is conscious that Miss Gruber's Soviet citizens, and in particular the women, are real pioneers filled with enthusiasm for their Arctic country. They have an almost pathetic and childlike happiness over their work, like a people recently released from bondage. Perhaps their distance from Moscow and its overlordship is responsible for much of their freedom and joy.

Unlike the early pioneers of North America who had to fight the Indians and live by barter and trade, these Soviet pioneers think in rubles and are rewarded for good work in money values just as in the capitalistic countries, even though their most capable workers may be called 'shock troops.' Women seem to dominate the field and poor man takes a second place.

—Anthony Fiala

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THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

tional book *Tory M. P.*, by Simon Haxey, the American edition of which will be published by Harrison-Hilton Books. Our extract presents an analysis of the big business and aristocratic elements in the Conservative Party, which now controls the House of Commons. [p. 153]

SINCE Munich, when it was claimed the democracies had to knuckle under because they were unprepared to withstand the horror of totalitarian warfare, many improvements have been made in preparation of home defense. The two articles in our section called 'Air Raid Reports' deal with two aspects of this preparedness. One describes an 'A.R.P. university' where volunteers are taught that even an incendiary bomb can be handled with safety [p. 161]; the other presents a new scheme for clearing the skies of the bomber menace—a scheme seemingly so thorough that it will probably never be adopted. [p. 165]

J. B. FIRTH, a well known author and journalist, tries to plumb the mystery of why Mussolini, that most distinguished disciple of Machiavelli, should have permitted the latter to be banned by the censors. Is it because the Duce is not so sure now that duplicity pays? [p. 168]

IN THE section entitled 'Around the Globe,' we have included a discussion of Italy's financial state, a significant factor in the decline of the Axis friendship [p. 171]; a description of Outer Mongolia, Russia's Asiatic protégé, where few Europeans have ever ventured [p. 173]; a Japanese journalist's statement of Japan's Monroe Doctrine [p. 176]; and a description of the 'Two-Seas Canal,' a new French engineering project whose realization both Great Britain and France would have found most convenient in the present conflict. [p. 178]

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